

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXIX

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1929

No. 3358

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 34, Clifton Gardens, W. 9, London, England.

MR. HOOVER'S APPEAL, to the Senate to pass the tariff bill because there was much important legislation to be enacted, because he believed that the Senate was not "unable to legislate," and because "the interests of the country require that the tariff legislation should be completed during special session," was tactically an unwise move which served only to bring out the complete control of the situation by the Democratic-Progressive coalition. That control is due in large part to Mr. Hoover's own wobbling leadership and the outrageous character of the bill as it came from the House of Representatives, dominated by the President and the Republican machine. The House let a bill emerge which bore no relation to the promised measure to aid the farmers. The Progressive group in the Senate would have been unfaithful to its admirable record if it had not fought a bill which was in itself a swindle and which could not possibly help the farmers. The President has only himself to thank for obliging them to kill the measure. The chief Washington correspondent of the *New York Times* says that "those Republicans who now follow his [Mr. Hoover's] lead have dwindled

to a minority so weak" that Mr. Hoover "finds himself powerless to do anything to induce the Senate to follow his wishes." The Finance Committee's bill is dead, the Old Guard is squarely beaten, and an agreement is being sought whereby the measure may be rewritten to suit the ideas of the coalition. What will happen when it comes to discussing particular rates remains to be seen, but at least the outlook is better for the much-plundered consumer than at any previous time since the bill started on its way.

"SENATOR NORRIS announces his candidacy for reelection"—that is excellent news for the entire country. Six years ago it required much persuasion to induce this veteran Progressive to stand again. Since then he has declared that he would retire to carry out his plan of becoming Governor of Nebraska and making over the entire State government with a single chamber—a proposal we have frequently commended. But evidently years of combat have not weakened this splendid war-horse. In the midst of an amazing and remarkably successful fight against the Administration on the tariff bill, he naturally finds it impossible to consider the retirement which he has earned many, many times over. A report that he was to be opposed by a Hoover-designated Administration candidate, Commissioner McKelvie of the Farm Board, particularly drew Mr. Norris's ire and forced the announcement of his decision. Fortunately, Mr. McKelvie has denied the report. We cannot believe that Mr. Hoover would lend himself to anything like this. Much as he must be hurt by Mr. Norris's opposition, the President knows that among all his colleagues the Senator from Nebraska stands preeminent for courage, independence, ability, and long experience.

IT WOULD BE BAD FAITH as well as bad economics for Congress to extend the coastwise shipping laws to the Philippines, thereby preventing any but American vessels from trading between the islands and the United States. Quite apart from the question of Philippine independence, which is being considered by Congress this winter, the proposal would limit shipping facilities and inevitably increase rates. In other words, the policy would be wholly disadvantageous to the interests of the Filipinos, as their resident commissioners in Washington told the Commerce Committee of the Senate in a recent hearing. The War Department, which supervises the Philippines through its Bureau of Insular Affairs, also opposes the suggested change. The Shipping Board, on the other hand, is for it, although Alfred H. Hoag, director of its Bureau of Research, admitted when pressed by members of the Commerce Committee that the proposal would probably result in higher shipping rates. The demand for a change in our present policy comes solely from certain American ship companies, backed by our beet-sugar interests, which are keen for anything which would put a crimp in cane-sugar imports from the Philippines. Thus the issue is a part of the perpetual battle between the good of the people, on the one hand, and the profits of special interests on the other.

NOTHING IF NOT SPECTACULAR seems to be the motto of Marshal Pilsudski, officially Minister of War in the Government of Prime Minister Switalski, but to all intents and purposes dictator of Poland. His latest performance runs true to form. On the afternoon of October 31, shortly before the Sejm was to begin its budget session, some ninety officers, all armed, entered the chamber without troubling about such formalities as by your leave. When asked to retire they refused; they were there, they said, to protect the Marshal, who intended to preside in the absence of the Premier, who was ill. Enters the Marshal presently by a back door. Naturally, under the circumstances, the members of the Sejm declined to do business; but the president of the republic, Dr. Moscicki, while advising an adjournment, announced that he must confer with Pilsudski. With the unpleasantness temporarily adjusted, the deputies then took tea. It all looks like opera bouffe, but Washington political circles are reported as wondering whether the irruption of the officers means that Pilsudski was actually in danger, or whether the first step has been taken toward another coup d'etat. The fact of the matter, of course, is that Pilsudski as the "strong man" of Poland has precious little use for parliamentary institutions, and would probably welcome a dictatorship in the fascist manner.

IN TIME OF PEACE Italy, possibly in response to certain protests from this side of the water, is loosening her grip on her sons and, if one may say so, grandsons. American-born sons of Italian parents, American citizens of Italian birth, and even Italian citizens resident in the United States may return to their erstwhile native shores without fear of being conscripted into military service—in times of peace! A statement issued recently by the Stefani Agency in Italy and by the Italian Embassy in Washington makes clear that while persons who were once or still are Italian citizens may expect to visit Italy with impunity and to stay from three months to a year, this does not apply in any sense to a period during which Italy is at war, when new regulations will presumably be announced. The present ruling, however, is a welcome release from obligations which no country is wise in imposing. It may be that as he grows older in government, Mussolini is learning diplomacy.

EVERY DAY THE CABLE brings news of more executions in Russia—for sabotage and for counter-revolution. Five former generals were reported shot in a group on October 21; a colonel and two "apostles" were stated to have been killed on October 25, and the same dispatch records the shooting at Samara of one priest and five rich peasants (kulaks) for opposition to "Soviet socialization measures." At Simbirsk and Novosibirsk a half dozen "class enemies" were put to death, and Walter Duranty of the New York Times reports that "one day's bag of executed kulaks totaled upward of fifty." His dispatch of October 27 told of the removal of twenty-six more foes of the Soviet. This more nearly suggests a peasant uprising than anything else and it is beyond doubt a measure of the grave resistance the Soviets are encountering in their efforts to bring the peasant into line. Of this there is striking proof in an item in the Moscow *Izvestia* that the "autumn grain sowings in the Kubas region of North Caucasus total only 4 per cent of the five

year plan's amount. The kulaks sowed only 26,000 hectares and the plan estimated their sowing area at 200,000." If other dispatches record that the Government is as a whole winning its fight with the peasants, that cannot conceal the fact that it thinks itself compelled to use shocking means to accomplish its ends. The only creditable thing about it is that the Soviets seem to be telling the world of the killings they authorize. But they must not be surprised if those killings produce injurious resentment abroad.

WHEN MATTHEW WOLL climbs upon the bandwagon and indorses old-age pensions, as he did at the recent convention of the American Federation of Labor in Toronto, it is a good index of the remarkable progress which pension advocates have made during the past year. Thus far in 1929 four States—California, Minnesota, Utah, and Wyoming—have provided old-age pension systems, bringing the total States having pension legislation up to ten. Of course, the systems adopted by several of these States are far from ideal, and the allowance of one dollar a day made by most States is miserably inadequate, but the whole movement is significant because it is breaking down the American prejudice against social insurance by the state. When the community has learned to think of old age as a social responsibility the day may come when every person who spends his life in useful work will be guaranteed a living income during his declining years. How critical is the problem of old-age security was revealed by the experience of an employment bureau in New York City which was opened last year and maintained exclusively for those past the age of thirty-five. In eighteen months 5,800 persons of middle age passed through this bureau but only 200 found work. No one knows what happens to the aged poor who cannot get relief or work. The Welfare Council of New York estimates that there are 28,000 persons past sixty-five in New York City who are dependent, but only about half of these are cared for by institutions.

SOBER ISLAND HAS GONE WET. Not because Sober Island (a small community in Nova Scotia) has had a sudden flair for riotous living, but because it wishes to remain relatively sober. Ten years ago Nova Scotia, by a majority of 57,000, passed a prohibition law, or temperance act as it was called, which made illegal the public manufacture and sale of liquor but provided for government stores where liquor might be sold for medicinal purposes only on prescription by a physician. Corruption set in early. Large blocks of the population were continuously "sick"; doctors sold prescriptions and bootleggers flourished; at last the government stores were selling liquor without even the formality of "scrips." On October 31 Nova Scotia held a plebiscite on two questions: "Are you in favor of retention of the Nova Scotia temperance act?" "Are you in favor of the sale of liquor under government control?" The latter proposal won by almost 27,000 votes. Meanwhile in Ontario government control and sale of liquor has been upheld. Premier Ferguson (Conservative), who was elected in 1926 on a platform solely devoted to a promise of government control, has once more been elected, with a larger majority, in a campaign of which his record on the liquor question was the main issue. Prince Edward Island is now the only Canadian province which has a prohibition law.

THEODORE E. BURTON twice represented Ohio in the Senate and in years gone by was a useful and vigorous Congressman of the more independent Republican type, earning deserved praise for his steady opposition to the pork-barrel expenditure of public funds and for his interest in the civil service. But it is as a lifelong advocate of peace that he will be longest remembered. As vice-president of the Inter-Parliamentary Union and as chairman of the American delegation at the Geneva conference in 1925 for the control of international traffic in arms he won deserved praise. Indeed, as a member of various peace societies he supported every move for disarmament. And he fought for the arbitration treaties, the abolition of the submarine and of poison gas, and the outlawry of every aggressor nation. We are happy to recall that one of his most conspicuous services was his breaking with President Coolidge in 1926 over the question of funds for the last three cruisers of the eight authorized in 1924. He not only opposed the building of those vessels, he demanded a decrease of the forces we had at that time. Mr. Burton is believed to be the only person on record who served first in the House, was then promoted to the Senate, returned to the House, and finally in his seventy-fifth year again took his seat as Senator.

THE DEATH IN NEW YORK of Thomas Hastings, the surviving partner of the distinguished architectural firm of Carrère and Hastings, removes another one of the figures who contributed greatly to the fixation and development of American taste in architectural matters. Like Charles F. McKim and Stanford White he was a classicist, and like them he was facile in his adaptation of French and Italian types to our American life. That he had much imagination in his early career was clearly demonstrated by those remarkable St. Augustine hotels, the Ponce de Leon and the Alcazar. As time went on, however, he was unable to interest himself in the great new development of American life and architectural taste exemplified in the skyscraper. It became apparent, too, that his work was not always of the best quality; it is stated that he has left a considerable sum in his will to the city to alter the façade of the New York Public Library, which was perhaps the most important creation of his firm. But all in all, Mr. Hastings's taste was high and he made great contributions to the evolution of American architecture by way of the Beaux Arts road.

THIRTY-SIX YEARS AGO exactly a correspondent of *The Nation* had his say about the matter of college athletics. He was Henry Rutgers Marshall and in a letter to the editor he inclosed certain lines from Euripides, as translated in Symonds's "Greek Poets." The lines are as pertinent now, in the face of the recent Carnegie Foundation report on college sports, as they were then.

Of all the thousand ills that prey on Hellas
Not one is greater than the tribe of athletes; . . .
How to be poor and row in fortune's boat
They know no better; for they have not learned
Manners that make men proof against ill luck.
Lustrous in youth, they lounge like living statues
Decking the streets; but when sad old age comes,
They fall and perish like a threadbare coat.
I've often blamed the customs of us Hellenes,
Who for the sake of such men meet together

To honor idle sport and feed our fill;
For who, I pray you, by his skill in wrestling,
Swiftness of foot, good boxing, strength at quoits,
Has served his city by the crown he gains?
Will they meet men in fight with quoits in hand,
Or in the press of shields drive forth the foeman
By force of fisticuffs from hearth and home?
Such follies are forgotten face to face
With steel. We therefore ought to crown with wreaths
Men wise and good, and him who guides the state,
A man well tempered, just, and sound in counsel,
Or one who by his words averts ill deeds,
Warding off strife and warfare; for such things
Bring honor on the city and all Hellenes.

Grundy and Us

AS a student of constitutions, give us Uncle Joe Grundy, Pennsylvania high-protectionist, in his testimony before the Senate Lobby Investigating Committee. Madison, of course, was all right in his day, and as Uncle Joe so well observes, in making the Constitution he was probably doing the best he could under the circumstances; but it is hard luck for the "great reservoirs of wealth and taxation" like Pennsylvania to have their tariff making interrupted, in consequence of his misguided two-Senators-per-State arrangement, by the too "vocal" representatives of the "backwoods commonwealths."

So, coming to us, we offer this constructive suggestion. Let us reduce the backward States to, say, a quarter of a Senator apiece. Then let us draw and quarter, for example, Walsh or Borah or Blaine, or perhaps best of all Norris, most vocal of the Senators of backwardness, and send a quarter each to North Dakota, Idaho, Arizona, and Arkansas, as a beginning. The entire quartet of Senators named would furnish adequate representation to sixteen States, and Uncle Joe could doubtless name enough other qualified Senators so that each of the numerous backward States could be properly supplied at the same rate. And this method would certainly be more effective than Mr. Grundy's futile appeal to Senator Walsh's "intelligence" to produce a satisfactory silence from these States when we enter the high realms of protectionist thinking.

We amplify next that profound and pregnant suggestion of Uncle Joe that the backward States ought to "hold their peace" on the tariff because they "have no chips in the game," but that their Senators should have their say on matters not too high for them like "Junior Red Cross and outdoor relief." We have rarely seen more wisdom in fewer words. Simply systematize it. Let everybody talk and vote on the big matters, say we, in proportion to the chips he has put up for. Then we shall always know just where we are at. Thus: Pennsylvania (a forward State, mind you—an Oliver Twist State, in fact), Hoover campaign contribution, \$1,000,000; words allowed in debate (at a cent a word), 100,000,000; votes on tariff schedules (at \$2 a vote, the historic Philadelphia rate) 500,000. Senator Norris's Nebraska (a backward State for sure), Hoover contribution, thirty cents; words in debate, three (three too many); votes, divil a vote. This is our idea of efficiency in political science. In that realm, first came Madison, then Uncle Joe Grundy, then us, and the greatest of these is us.

Mr. Hoover and the London Conference

THE London Disarmament Conference is but two months off. It is of the utmost importance to all the world. It is of especial importance to Herbert Hoover. A success there means great prestige for the President—something that he needs sorely in view of his failure to put through much of his Congressional program, his silence on the tariff-bill swindle, his numerous bad appointments, and the slowing down of prosperity which will inevitably follow the crash in Wall Street. But if his own fortunes were not in the least involved he would still owe it to the country to put forth every effort to make the conference one of real achievement. If it labors mightily and brings forth only a mouse after all the promise of Ramsay MacDonald's extraordinarily successful visit, there will be bitter disappointment the world over. If it should be wrecked as was the Geneva Conference, humanity will be in a worse plight than if no conference had been called.

What the hour demands, therefore, is leadership from Mr. Hoover and genuine preparation for the London meeting. We do not mean mere technical preparation. We are aware that the State Department is at work upon that and we have complete trust in the ability of Messrs. Stimson and Cotton to prepare their briefs with fidelity and vision. But adequate preparation does not end there. The President is not rousing the public mind to support his contentions at London any more than Mr. Wilson rallied the liberal forces of the country before he set out to his disastrous failure in Paris. By no means every American stands with Mr. Hoover on this issue. The big-business forces which employ the Shearers are not in line, though for the present silenced and hamstrung. The loyalty of many of the high naval officers is still questionable; they do not yet act as if they knew that Herbert Hoover is commander-in-chief; and the shipbuilders will continue to hope that somehow or other the cruiser program will be continued. These and others would welcome failure at London.

Hence it seems to us of the utmost importance that Mr. Hoover should mobilize all the great liberal and religious forces which are ready to uphold his disarmament policy to the fullest extent. But they must be concentrated around a definite platform. He cannot, of course, do this without revealing, at least in part, just what his program is to be, and that he may be reluctant to do if he is planning a *coup* for the start like the drastic proposals offered by Secretary Hughes at the Washington Conference in 1921. But it seems to us of far greater importance that Mr. Hoover should have behind him the solid battalions of liberal opinion. We know that it is not Mr. Hoover's habit or policy to take the public into his confidence. He is still to a considerable degree the engineer working away in his office and expecting that his wishes will be questioned by no one and carried out precisely as he formulates them. He has, for instance, not touched in a single speech upon his conference with Ramsay MacDonald, or the results achieved. The public has learned what it knows about the conference not from the American President but from the British Prime Minister, except for the joint statement signed by them both. It is a fact that that

statement and Mr. MacDonald's speeches have not fully allayed the fear in European countries that Hoover and MacDonald went beyond the naval agreement and practically concluded an unwritten Anglo-Saxon entente. Absurd as this belief may be, its existence is still another reason why Mr. Hoover should speak out frankly to his countrymen.

It is idle to deny that two of the announced appointments to the American delegation to the London conference have chilled the enthusiasm of many of Mr. Hoover's supporters. We understand that his choice of Senators David A. Reed and Joseph R. Robinson was dictated by political strategy. We suppose that Mr. Hoover considered it clever to select a foremost Republican Senator and the leader of the Democratic Senate minority as his representatives so that they would come back to the Senate committed to whatever decisions are arrived at by the conference—they will be compelled to defend their own work against the criticisms or attacks of their fellow-Senators. But sometimes strategy of this kind is too clever. Certainly it is not encouraging that the two men he has chosen are both imperialistic and militaristic; both are on record in favor of large defense programs. If that will lend strength to any demands on their part for reduced armaments, it puts on the fighting line in London men who must necessarily be far less eager for radical reduction than would others. To us it seems a profound mistake not to have placed at least one man or woman on this commission who was known for his or her advocacy of far-reaching naval limitations, someone who would fight with absolute determination for the most that could be achieved. Failure to give the commission any such zealot somewhat offsets for us President Hoover's wisdom in relegating the admirals to the position of technical advisers.

The fact remains that whatever the personnel of the commission, the public is in entire ignorance as to what its demands are going to be. We do not know whether the United States will ask the abolition of all battleships, or merely extend the life of those in existence and further delay replacements; whether we shall demand the abolition of all submarines or their limitation; whether we are after an agreement which shall compel us to build more cruisers or not. We do not even know whether Mr. Hoover intends to hold up as he should the construction of the remaining ten cruisers and the air-craft carrier authorized by the Fifteen Cruiser Bill of last February. The American people remain in ignorance of what the general naval policy of the country is because, as far as one can see, we have none. Our Presidents declare that we maintain our navy only for defensive purposes, yet the construction of the fleet is not based upon any policy of rigid coast defense; ships are being built to be used in other waters and to fight major battles at remote distances from our coast line. It is time, Mr. Hoover, to clarify public opinion. The liberals and the pacifists of this country, like the multitudes who believe in extremely limited armaments for America, are ready to cooperate. They need, however, to be told at once exactly what the objective is, and how far the standard of disarmament is to be carried.

Prince von Bülow

A BRAHAM LINCOLN once told a friend to beware of a certain man. "Do not trust him," he said. "He parts his hair in the middle." Bernhard von Bülow parted his hair in the middle and presented a generally dandified appearance, but he was still a trustworthy and virile person and it was a profound loss to Germany that he was not Chancellor in 1914. We do not base this opinion upon the posthumous document which the *Berliner Tageblatt* has just published. In that the Prince tells what he would have done had he, and not von Bethmann-Hollweg, been at the head of the government in the crucial hours which led up to the World War. He would not have made the fundamental mistake of giving carte blanche to Austria. "Never under any circumstances," he wrote, "would I have allowed Austria . . . to break off diplomatic relations with Serbia and to begin military action." He would have insisted, as any responsible humane statesman should, that the few points not conceded by Serbia should be taken to the Hague Tribunal precisely as Serbia itself suggested. He would also never have declared war on France or permitted Germany to violate Belgian neutrality; he would have tried for a just peace with Russia in 1915 and with England in 1916, and would probably not have authorized the fatal submarine campaign of 1917.

If these suggestions smack of wisdom after the fact and overlook the influence of the German military and naval chiefs once the war was begun, it is beyond question that if von Bülow had been in the saddle he would have exerted the power and authority of the civilian branch of the government far more than did the war-time chancellors. His courage was beyond doubt. Thus he alone dared to curb the Kaiser's loose tongue by obtaining his agreement to submit for revision any future public utterances. To force this concession von Bülow had to offer his resignation. Had the Kaiser been wise he would immediately have intrusted von Bülow with the chancellorship after von Bethmann-Hollweg's blunder over Belgium. Instead, relying upon von Bülow's perfect knowledge of Italian and of Italy, he sent him to Rome to keep the Italians loyal to the Triple Alliance. Here von Bülow had the greatest opportunity of his life, and here he failed. Had he succeeded, even if he had only kept Italy out of the war, he would have insured victory to Germany and saved his country from complete disaster. But the Allies outbid him and purchased Italian support in the open market, because of the refusal of Vienna to make the great territorial sacrifices which Italy demanded as the price of her adherence. Prince von Bülow returned to Germany saddened and broken, thereafter to be an embittered and critical onlooker on the political scene.

Conservative though he was, mistaken as he was in much of his foreign policy during the years from 1900 to 1909 when the train which fired the explosion of the World War was being laid, it is nevertheless true that he was entitled to be called a statesman. He knew the world, he spoke at least five languages, he was a realist, he was a man of great personal charm, and he had genuine valor. He held to his death everyone's respect, even that of the democratic forces which had always opposed him while in office.

The Men Who Did It

NOW that the great crash in the stock market is over and a 16,000,000 share day is a thing of the past, people are naturally disposed to ask why it all happened. To ascribe the colossal upset to "speculative fever," "mob psychology," swollen brokers' loans, or the boosting of security prices to fantastic figures is not to go far in the direction of an explanation. Doubtless each of these influences operated to help on the crash, but they are surface indications of the state of the market rather than causes of the market's condition. The causes lie deeper, and the most important of all of them is the policy of the Federal Reserve Board.

When the Federal Reserve system was established, in 1913, there was a widespread belief that the new plan, in addition to the benefits which it might confer upon banking and the general financial life of the country, would make a recurrence of financial crises all but impossible. The grouping of all the leading banks of the country in regional systems, each with a considerable measure of autonomy but subject nevertheless to control from Washington; the mobilization of the gold reserve; the regulation of the discount rate; a strict control over the loans of member banks; authority to issue a paper currency which in an emergency should meet any conceivable demand for money; the restriction of the banking operations of the regional Reserve Banks to dealings in government bonds and acceptances and the rediscounting of commercial paper offered by member banks: all these things, it was believed, made the system so powerful and effective that a financial panic, if one seemed imminent, could be promptly throttled before any serious mischief was done.

What everybody knows now is that the crisis came, that it was not throttled, and that the market ran wild. The last thing that most people thought about during the recent excitement was the Federal Reserve. A few powerful bankers in New York met in conference to see what could be done to stem the tide of declining prices, but the Federal Reserve was not a party to the discussion. What bankers and brokers know very well, however, is that the Federal Reserve is the body primarily to thank for the disaster which the stock market has just gone through.

The trouble began in the summer of 1927, when the Federal Reserve gambled on the chance of precipitating a speculative orgy in this country by reducing its discount rate with the object of aiding the financial rehabilitation of Europe. In the succeeding fall and winter it released some \$500,000,000 to \$600,000,000 of credit available for speculative purposes by its purchases of government bonds. As the speculative fever rose the Board, instead of gradually curtailing credit, helped it to expand, putting out increasing quantities of Reserve notes and actually maintaining for some time a discount rate lower than the market rate for prime commercial paper. Leading financiers and the editors of financial journals pointed out again and again the danger of the policy which was being pursued, but with as little apparent effect as if they had spoken to the wind. When, at last, the situation began clearly to spell disaster and far-seeing investors prepared to get out of the market, the Board

bludgeoned the market with veiled threats; when finally it acted, its action was drastic and too late.

It was not in human nature to withstand the temptation which the Federal Reserve, by its policy of inflated credit, held out to bankers, speculators, and the public. Prices of securities went higher and higher, discounting for years in advance the earning power of the issuing corporations. A veritable torrent of new financing, with issue after issue of "rights," was let loose upon the market, demanding more credit from the banks and raising to dangerous heights the total of brokers' loans to be carried at call rates which sometimes varied erratically several times in a day. An imposing list of investment trusts piled upon the top-heavy structure a new type of security whose soundness depended upon the worth of stocks and bonds bought by the trusts in an inflated market. The tipster was abroad in the land, and brokers of the highest standing kept on advising their clients to buy. Then the bubble burst, and real profits and paper profits alike vanished in disaster. What held the hard-pressed credit structure together was the action of the banks in carrying the brokers, and the action of the brokers in carrying some of their customers. The Federal Reserve did not count at all.

The responsibility of the Federal Reserve, weighty as it is, must be shared by the Coolidge and Hoover administrations. For two years and more, while calamity was preparing, the country was again and again assured from Washington that everything was all right—industry prosperous, business good, savings increasing, the outlook fine. No warning has come from the Potomac to give the country pause—nothing but smug official complacency in a situation rotten to the core. One wonders, now that the mischief is done, whether the people who have been misled will forget, or whether they will remember.

The Female Form Divine

THE New York *Times* for October 31, 1929, carried a picture so extraordinary that even a sober-minded journal like *The Nation*, which does not as a rule concern itself with any but the Higher Things, cannot refrain from comment. It was a picture of a lady—unmistakably a lady—and one in evening dress; from her shoulders dangled what used to be called a berth; her arms were therefore covered to the elbows; and her legs—we mention perhaps for the last time what will shortly become unmentionable—were not visible at all. If she was a bifurcated radish nobody but herself and her dressmaker were aware of it. About at her middle there were certain tucks and gathers in her costume that constricted her form into one that the female torso cannot assume without artificial aid—in other words, she evidently wore corsets. Hastily reassuring ourselves as to the date—it was not in reality a cut from *Harper's Magazine* for 1892—we rubbed our eyes, took a long breath, and laid the paper down. "Female fashions must be changing," we murmured. And so it was.

Much white paper has been utilized of late years for remarks, mostly ululatory, on the emancipation of women. Women were free, we learned; they were no longer slaves. They could vote, swear, smoke, and stay out nights. They

had legs; on the last point there could be no possible shadow of doubt whatever. We learned that the entire weight of a modern flapper's garments, including her shoes, totaled about 22 ounces, and we saw in the Sunday rotogravure sections the flapper pictured in stages of undress which made the statement perfectly credible. In the midst of all the cries of joy there were certain faint moanings of distress. If it took only three yards of material to make a dress, what was to become of the silk industry? If corsets were never, never going to be worn any more, what was to be the future of the American whale? But the lady customers and the silk-worms and the whales only laughed, and woman's emancipation went on.

Now it becomes evident that the moans of distress were not in vain. And the new fashions bring back, to the triumph of the couturiers, bows, ruffles, tight waists with their accompanying corsets, "princess" slips, and—alas, for emancipation—skirts that sweep the very sidewalks, freed for so many happy years from this sort of broom. We do not lack voices raised in passionate protest: Fannie Hurst says, "Let's not wear them"; lady writers of somewhat lesser eminence but no less fervor declare that they can't bear them; but the department stores report that their customers, while they grumble, cannot but comply. And one sees, at theaters where the smart folks gather and at the movie palaces where the proletariat succeeds in forgetting, for a time, a harsh world, skirts that, if not actually to the ground, are much, much longer than the knee-length scarves of only yestermouth.

There is in this genuine cause for mourning. It is too bad that modern women should again be slaves to fashion; it is a pity that the female form, happily free of entanglements for half a dozen years, is in a fair way to go back to them. We ourselves should welcome a strike among the customers. We cannot hope to see our women assume the tactics of the Doukhobors, the famous Russian sect of non-resistants who will have none of the laws of Canada in which they now reside and declare their protests by the simple and charming expedient of removing their clothes, though surely in the past few years we have become accustomed enough to large sections of the female anatomy not to be too shocked by the rest of it. Let the women protest; we should applaud and admire them for it. Let them refuse to be first bound by a yard of rubber and then hung like a clothes horse with yards more of silk or wool. They looked much nicer, on the whole, in last year's clothes than the newest fashion plates give any evidence of their looking in those of the present. Indeed at no other time do we recall that the most up-to-the-minute styles gave such an impression of general dowdiness and disrepair.

But long association with human nature does not make us too optimistic. We shall hope; we shall, if necessary, pray. A sweeping glance at the other half of the human race, the male, is not encouraging. Women are slaves to fashion. True. What of men? Do they still wear wool suits in hot weather, high collars in all weathers, stiff hats on their heads, stiffer shoes on their feet, and the most curious and hideous cut of coat and waistcoat so far devised by an ingenious tailor? The answer is that they do. If the women are wiser, more power to them. If they refuse to conform to the current styles in dress they will deserve to govern a meek and docile world.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

IT is heartening to discover that there is much articulate protest at New York University against the action of the football coach in dropping a Negro football player rather than run the risk of a cancelation by the University of Georgia. Upon the issue the college paper speaks out boldly:

If there is any further attempt to sidetrack this issue by "passing the buck," as had already been illustrated by a declaration that the coach alone can decide the line-up, or sobbing, as some of the papers have done, that Myers might be injured if he played, which is an indictment against the courage of all our own players and that of the officials, to say nothing of the offense to the tender sensibilities of Georgia; if, we repeat, this issue is side-tracked, then we urge all our students with a sense of decency to boycott that game and let an empty Stadium stand as a monument to New York University's belief in the racial equality upon which democratic government exists.

This seems to me forthright. I refrain from calling it brave because I have become convinced that there is a good deal of nonsense in crediting journalists with exceptional courage whenever they speak out hard in favor of minority opinions. It requires very little nerve to speak frankly when you are alone with your typewriter. I have been in plenty of controversies with newspaper employers and did manage once to get myself fired. It did so happen that I was writing what I believed to be absolutely and literally true but courage was no factor in the proceedings. I hadn't the slightest notion that there would be any objection to what I had said. And many of the fiercest storms in which a columnist finds himself are of this same accidental variety. Not even a trained newspaperman realizes the difference between the phrase typed out and those same words printed in a paper. Constantly there are ructions in editorial rooms because some well-known personage insists that he was grossly misquoted by the reporter who met him at the pier. Naturally reporters have been known to make mistakes but generally in case of dispute it is the well-known personage who has erred. Some trivial phrase slips out which sounds innocent enough until it is backed by the majesty of cold type and then it seems so different that the man who uttered the words cannot believe that he ever said them.

Nevertheless, though humor may get a speaker into trouble it is one of the best bulwarks behind which a writer may bore from within. Within recent years I have gained the reputation of being a somewhat dangerous man in a newspaper office. It has been said that I make many enemies and I only wish it were more nearly true. Controversy, and I mean bitter and violent controversy, is not only the very life of the column but also of a community. I am not going to put on any false modesty and pretend that I have never started a good row. When I got mad I wanted to. Sometimes I succeeded. And yet for six years I went along doing a daily column for one of the most conservative papers in New York. We had no disagreements and few of the rock-bound Republican readers ever asked for the scalp of the columnist who chanced to be a socialist, a pacifist, and a heretic. Being younger at the time I had much more capacity

for humorous invention than I possess now. Indeed, I even had hopes of being accepted as a funny man. This never came to pass. There were too many competitors with more wit, but at least it kept me in bread and butter. My inclination was to be alternately grave and gay. If Monday's column was, according to my notions, a funny one, Tuesday's would be designed with the intention of utter seriousness. To my surprise and chagrin I found that readers could not tell the difference. They thought that all of it was clowning. Accordingly nobody minded in the least if I took potshots at sacred cows. In the office and out the impression prevailed that I was only fooling.

This sort of liberty never was very satisfactory. Years ago I decided to go straight and abandon the hopeless effort to be a humorist. This resolution was the result of a shock. There was a preacher in our town whose opinions I heartily detested. I didn't like his personality, either. So on a Monday afternoon I sat down with the intention of making him squirm. The piece seemed to me a very fair example of vituperation. Next day there came a note from the clergyman saying that he had enjoyed my foolery immensely and wouldn't I come and have lunch with him.

Of course, the best way to make people mad is to be mad yourself, but this is a difficult formula. There are certain emotions which can't be faked. A theatrical manager told me that in Paris it was the accepted practice for producers to pay the newspaper critics in advance so that they would write favorable reviews. This condition, he said, was no secret even to the general public. "I don't see why you stand for it," he said to an amateur theatergoer. "How on earth can you tell from the notices whether a new show is any good or not? Your critics praise everything."

"Why, it's perfectly simple to tell," explained the Parisian; "enthusiasm can't be bought." It is likewise impossible to manufacture indignation for your own convenience. A columnist finds only infrequent situations in which his own honest anger at some monstrous miscarriage of justice is sufficient to enable him to foment sufficient fervor to madden his adversaries. Generally he must content himself with arousing much more minor irritations. This is not difficult. Using the pronoun "I" too frequently will always do it. There must be several hundred persons in New York who make an habitual practice of clipping out columns and ringing with a blue pencil the first person singular wherever it appears. This is then sent to the columnist. Another cult waits for any mention of "New England witch burners." This inspires anywhere from one to half a dozen letters pointing out that the Puritans in America never actually burned a witch although they hanged a few and condemned one to death by a process known as "pressing."

The fact that Keats made an error in the name of a famous discoverer is also a stimulant to protesting clients. You remember the poet placed Cortez on that peak in Darien when the great Pacific first swam into his ken. But just let a columnist make a reference to "stout Cortez" and he will get five letters calling his attention to the fact that it was really Balboa.

HEYWOOD BROWN

Russia from a Car Window

II. The Industrial Vision*

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

I. THE TASK OF REBUILDING

THE rebuilding of an ancient commonwealth! What could be more fascinating for men of vision, purpose, and power, determined to set free the victims of priests, princes, and czars? To this task the Bolshevik leaders have set themselves with absolute determination and with such ability, intelligence, and devotion that if this were happening under any other government under the sun the world would be ringing with their exploits and marveling at their daring and their triumphs. The traveler in Russia cannot witness it without being profoundly impressed by it, if he has imagination. He forgets that he is beholding a Communistic experiment because this industrial program is precisely what should be undertaken in China were it to be united under a similarly determined but non-communistic group of leaders; it is precisely what could and should be done in any backward or war-wrecked country, quite aside from any question of social changes. It is about what any group of capitalist leaders would have to do were they to drive out the Bolsheviks and themselves take charge.

For with the Revolution has come to the Russian masses a thirst for more tangible things, a demand for a richer as well as a freer life. This the Bolsheviks themselves fostered by their promises, voiced primarily by Lenin. They must, therefore, make good and so would any possible successors have to make good. Gone forever is the illiterate Russia of the Czars, in which millions of slaves of a feudal land system went without shoes, without adequate clothing, often without sufficient food, without profit from the gifts of the machine age and from modern inventions. In the brief decade of Sovietism the masses have learned so fast to demand and to expect more goods and more opportunities that the Bolsheviks realize that theirs is a race against time. They must satisfy the workers. They must whip or cajole the peasants into line if they would succeed, and they cannot wait too long to produce the necessary goods, to reduce the cost of living, to render the habitually complaining peasant contented, lest a genuine opposition arise to dispute their iron-handed oppression. Work must be found for the additional millions who annually reach the age of economic self-support—there are three and a half millions added to Russia's population every year, and every time an agricultural machine displaces a peasant worker he goes to the nearest city for work. Hence their "five-year program" for the industrialization of Russia.

To me, I confess, there seems something profoundly anomalous in the attitude of the Bolsheviks toward the modern machine; they not only welcome it, but actually embrace it with the fervor of a most passionate lover. When I think what the machine age has done to America and to

other countries by its exaltation of materialism, its enthronement of prosperity as the sole god of the people, by its creation of such a ghastly difference between the rich and the poor, by its regimentation, its standardization, and its effort to reduce everyone to complete mental subservience to the *status quo*, the Bolshevik desire to put Russia on a plane with the United States overnight strikes me as being as contradictory as it is daring. To this, however, the Bolshevik economists with whom I talked replied that they were unafraid of the machine because they would not allow private individuals to master the nation through control and ownership of that machine. By joint ownership of it by all the people, they will, they declared, bend it to their purposes, and make it their slave without any deleterious consequences to themselves or their state.

They even hope to surpass this country by cutting out the waste which comes with the competition of private ownership. The head of one of the greatest Russian iron works, the historic Putilof plant in Leningrad, who had recently returned from a considerable stay in the United States, assured me that the great American plants devoted 40 per cent of their expenditures to advertising, salesmanship, and other exploitation of their goods. In a non-competitive industrial state this disappears. Moreover, the Russian plant has an extraordinarily low overhead in salaries to its executives. Thus, the head of the Putilof factory receives the regular Communist stipend of 250 rubles a month (\$125) in addition to a modest apartment. A similar executive in the United States would receive between \$50,000 and \$75,000 a year, and would have at his service highly paid vice-presidents and assistants. The highest salary paid in the Putilof works is 300 rubles a month; it is paid to a non-Communist. If, in addition, the Russians succeed not only in industrializing their plants, but in infusing into their workers the spirit of working for *all* instead of for themselves, they will produce with a cheapness no capitalist industry can equal.

II. THE SPIRIT OF THE WORKERS

That they are perhaps already getting into their workers something of this spirit of laboring not merely for themselves and their unions, but for their fellow-Russians, seems to be borne out by the testimony of an American engineer from Detroit. Him we found in Stalingrad erecting the buildings for a tractor factory which is expected to be producing at the rate of 60,000 tractors a year within fifteen months. I asked him if he felt the presence among the workers of any other motive than the wage incentive. He replied—before other witnesses—that he did. "I do not know," he said, "whether you would call it nationalism or communism or what you would call it. But it is there. It makes them feel they are working for others than themselves." In the great agricultural implement plant at

* This is the second of a series of six articles. The third will appear in our next issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.

Rostov-on-the-Don more than one-half the Communist civil engineers have declined as a matter of principle to accept higher wages. This is not an isolated case. Incidentally, the Stalingrad American added his belief that when the Russian labor he was handling became efficient under adequate and sufficient foremen, now lacking, it would surpass American labor because of its greater stamina and endurance. The lack of foremen is extremely serious.

At present, however, the other industrial nations have nothing to fear from Russian competition. It will be generations before the Russian factories now planned can supply the wants of their own people. Not all of those we saw by any means are working their labor efficiently at present. Some were; as, for instance, an extraordinary newsprint mill on the Volga above Nizhni Novgorod. Here was the latest pulp and paper-making machinery—there are only five such mills in all Europe (though there are a considerable number in the United States). Everything about it was up-to-date; the workers, wisely enough, were nearly naked, revealing superb bodies; the engineers, here as everywhere, were young and able, some with American and Canadian experience. Elsewhere the control was often slack; the dearth of foremen was manifest. The flow of raw materials to the machine was inadequately organized. At Dnieprostroy 12,000 Russians are doing what 3,000 or 3,500 Americans would achieve. Everywhere, however, were competitions in efficiency between shifts, banners urging greater speed and accuracy for the sake of the country and the cause, and lunch-hour entertainments of music interspersed frequently with shop-talks. Everywhere there were pictures, or tables, showing what the factory has produced and what it is expected to produce under the five-year plan. It is a common event for the workers of a factory to sign a manifesto against the shortcomings of the plant and to pledge themselves to end waste, delays, and inefficiency.

III. INEFFICIENCY A CRIME

I have said in a previous article that Russia is the only country in which inefficiency is a crime. One American engineer told us that he was informed immediately on his arrival that it meant life-imprisonment if he were caught grafting. (He opined that we should have to have many more jails in the United States if there were any such policy here.) He told of a man about to go on trial for delaying the work by failure to move some great piles of gravel to the point where they were needed. After we left Russia it was announced that nine directors and engineers of the Shipbuilding Trust were to be tried for building unseaworthy ships, and delaying and sabotaging the work. If they are found guilty they are likely to be shot, as were the unfortunate engineers who were executed after trial for sabotaging the work in some mines in the Donetz basin in 1928.

Grafting by a Communist is a deadly sin. One hears much outside of Russia of the higher-ups privately lining their pockets. I did not find any reliable observer in Russia who took any stock whatsoever in this. Colonel Hugh L. Cooper, the distinguished American engineer who is supervising the construction of the great Dnieper River

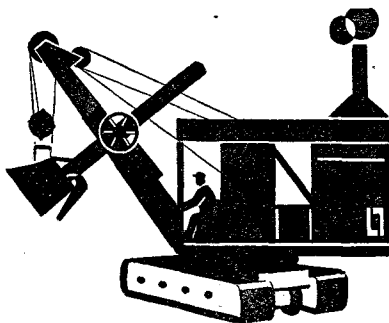
power plant, informed the American press men on August 8 last that he had disbursed under the Soviet \$600,000,000. "The most glorious thing in Russia," he added, "is the absence of graft. There was not a kopek of graft in all these millions—not even a suggestion of it." Yet I find, on my return, that American cynicism—and corruption—is such that few people will believe that the Russian government is free from graft. The very seclusion of Stalin and other Russian leaders and their refusal to allow themselves to be written up or to be hobnobbed with by foreigners and correspondents would ordinarily make for gossip; but the Moscow correspondent of the Associated Press cabled on July 21 last that the only gossip connected with any of the leaders was to the effect that two of them occasionally indulged in too much liquor. A similar analysis of public men in prohibition Washington would hardly limit the number of over-imbibers to two!

There is still another fact about the Russian industrial revolution which may in the long run be serious for business competitors. The Russians are doing their utmost to release and bring out the creative abilities of the plain workingmen. I think that every member of the unofficial delegation of the Russian-American Chamber of Commerce which I accompanied would agree that the men we encountered at the head of the great enterprises or in high government office were an exceedingly impressive lot. All of them were in their forties, but, far more significant, the most striking were men who had themselves toiled at the lathe and at the work-bench. The head of the Putilof works, whom I have cited, worked at a lathe until the war came; his technical education he acquired at night. No one could talk with him and not believe that he knew his business from A to Z. The head of the Nizhni Novgorod

Soviet was formerly a machinist familiar with most of the large metallurgical plants of Russia. Mr. Ivanov, the head of the tractor factory in Stalingrad, the son of a workman, himself labored with his hands, obtaining only a public-school education. Later he saved money and took special courses. These were but a few. I am aware, of course, that many, many examples of men rising from the ranks could be cited in America—Ford, Schwab, Edison, and others. Yet I cannot but feel a marked difference in emphasis. **There are**

exceptional plants in America where the aid and counsel of workers are sought and their ranks searched for able men for promotion. I doubt if there is a single American factory which has on file 1,400 suggestions and inventions received from its 2,300 workers in one year, as is the case in one Russian works. In Russia this bringing out of the creative impulses of the workers is a fundamental government policy.

As for the control of their workers, these heads of industry declared that their word was final except in occasional cases which were taken to the Labor Court. The chief of the Putilof works declared that he was quite sufficiently in control to consider himself the final arbiter. Since my departure from Russia the government, if press dispatches are to be trusted, has itself further weakened the democratic control of industry by the workers in it and has given to the heads of the factories almost as much arbi-



trary power as have similar heads in capitalist states. This is another effort to speed up production and end waste.

IV. SHORTCOMINGS OF THE ENGINEERS

It needs, of course, all the engineering training and experience, administrative and executive talent it can find; the lack of them, as in the railroads, is often serious. The Russian engineer is one of the highest-grade technicians to be found anywhere in the world. When it comes to practical matters he is often lacking. Frequently he has not proper respect for manual labor. But he has vision—if anything, too much. It is related of one of the numerous American engineers in Russia that he was asked to study a new electric-power project involving \$50,000,000. He read it, laid it down, and then said: "I wish one of you fellows would come to my hotel and fix its electric elevator. It isn't working." His auditors left, insulted and indignant. In a week they came back, saying: "We get your point." It is a lesson the Russian in many walks of industry deserves. He can see a great need, plan for it like a field-marshal—or rather as no field-marshal ever planned—and then forget the details or try to go too fast. The engineers at Dneprostroy and Stalingrad probably no more overshoot estimates than do the average American engineers who have often wrecked new and old enterprises by their blunders or by underestimating costs. Beyond doubt some of the great plants are ahead of any demand in the section in which they are placed. The officials admit this and then tell you just how many towns of 250,000 people will spring up within five or ten years to absorb the surplus power. They have just (October) let the contracts for a town to cost \$300,000,000 to be built alongside the Dnieper dam—\$100,000,000 of which will go for American equipment—to house 300,000 people. It is proof of their foresight that the very expensive office-building used for the dam construction is to become the administration headquarters of the new city.

Wasteful, the American engineers call this policy of anticipating the needs. The Bolshevik smiles. He knows that this is not a case of making private profits; that his government is bound to care less whether an auto factory or a synthetic nitrogen plant makes money than would a private man risking all his capital. The Bolshevik government is, or should be, looking at the problem as a whole. It can pool the profits and losses of a whole nation's businesses. It can afford to take many losses if by doing so it meets pressing needs and provides for the future. It must, as already explained, work with the utmost speed and it knows that such speed means hastily drawn plans, with increased opportunities for error. And it must, by reason of its humane and wise code for labor, do things which no private employer would think of undertaking. We drove one day into a great new plant. The factory buildings had not progressed beyond the foundations, but there stood a number of most impressive apartment houses for workers, each apartment with all modern equipment, including a bathroom. "Cart before the horse," said the fellow-traveler, an American engineer, who sat next to me. "The idea," he said, "of building such costly barracks for workingmen before you put up the plant and find out whether it will pay! We'd put our men in huts till we found out." A Russian nearby looked amused. Later he said quietly: "That is

just the difference between your system and ours. Our creed is to consider our workers first and profits next. We could never ask our workers to live in shacks." There was an American engineer employed in this plant. He took the Russian's point of view, saying with heat: "It was just the right thing to do to look after the laborers first. They'll get their money back in good-will and far greater efficiency."

V. A TREMENDOUS DANGER

Our visiting engineers and business executives could not, however, get over their belief that all this haste and speedy planning, this pouring of millions of rubles into plants without even a guaranty of sufficient capable foremen, engineers, and executives might easily lead to the entire collapse of the Soviets. There is undeniably much force in their contention. Losses after a certain point will count and will cost the people dearly in heavier taxes or heavier cost of living, or in gradual wrecking of the entire financial system by the depreciation of the ruble. At the very least they would curtail the speed of production and limit the program of future years. Again, there is tremendous danger in the fact that the Soviet officials control the bookkeeping. There are no independent committees of audit, any more than in the Italy of Mussolini. Every American executive knows how easy it is to fool oneself and others by bookkeeping devices. The Soviet managers not only have this temptation, they are also on both sides of the fence as manufacturers and consumers. If they find that a tractor factory is not making profits, what is to hinder their raising the price to themselves—in the form of their trusts—to the rich peasants, to the cooperatives? No one can stop them. Few will criticize—if any. Finally, the temptation to show the capitalist world, at any cost to themselves, that their system is successful may prove perilous to a degree, if not their economic undoing. This is in part what some of the Moscow correspondents had in mind when they said to me that if the Soviets last through the next four years, they will hold Russia for generations.

It would take the canvas and the genius of a Tolstoy or a Dostoevski adequately to portray all of this wonderful activity. It has, I repeat, in many of its aspects nothing to do with communism. As it is, the number of new plants and new industrial enterprises is overwhelming. At Leningrad the Soviets are far along toward the completion of the greatest lumber port on earth—four ports in one—with all the work of handling done, a minimum by human labor and a maximum by electricity. It already exports 1,000,000 tons of lumber annually. The Dnieper power plant is to be the largest in the world. They are building a merchant fleet of six hundred steamers. The railroads are being modernized with amazing success and greatly developed; they are operating 50,000 cars daily as against 20,000 three years ago. Everywhere we went there was feverish activity; everywhere the claim that where industry had not far surpassed pre-war activity it was close to it. It is impossible for a layman to understand how so much could have been done in so short a time; how such a vast machine, whatever its defects, could be built so rapidly and work so well; and how the stupendous sums necessary for it are obtained. It is a gallant, far-sighted, magnificent effort to rebuild an ancient commonwealth and to bring relief and happiness and well-being to one hundred and fifty million souls.

Prosperity—Believe It or Not

III. The Worker's Share*

By STUART CHASE

SEVENTY-ONE in every one hundred urban persons belong to the Working Class; twenty-nine to the Business Class. In this article we shall talk chiefly about the seventy-one. They work primarily with their hands and address their activity to physical things. The twenty-nine work more with their heads and deal in words and ideas.

No clean-cut division of social classes can ever be made in America. A skilled mechanic is likely to be a garage owner or landlord at the same time, and thus be in both the Working and the Business Class. This sort of potpourri must be borne in mind in connection with all the following group figures.

The national income per capita increased from \$625 in 1922 to \$742 in 1928, a gain of 20 per cent during the period of prosperity and perhaps the most significant single figure in the whole exhibit. It told us nothing, however, as to income by classes. Dr. Melvin T. Copeland, in "Recent Economic Changes," has prepared a table which does.

SHARE OF THE NATIONAL REALIZED INCOME

	Billions of Dollars 1925	Per cent 1925	Per cent 1913
Wages	30.7	38	37
Salaries	15.0	18	15
Pensions and benefits..	1.1	1	1
Rents and royalties ..	10.6	13	15
Interest	3.9	5	4
Dividends	4.1	5	6
Profits withdrawn (mostly farmers and small business men)	16.4	20	22
Total	81.8	100	100

The Working Class received in 1925 nearly 31 billion dollars in wages, or about 38 per cent of the total national income. The Business Class received in salaries, rents, interest, and dividends some 33 billion dollars, or 41 per cent of the total income of the country. Nor is this all. A considerable slice of the last item in the table also belongs to the Business Class in the form of merchant's profits. The jump since that year is in salaries. Clerks and salesmen are increasing their numbers, and executives in this era of prosperity lengthen at once their tee shots and their annual retainers. Landlords are losing ground but not bankers.

We can now venture a rough estimate of average family income. Dr. Copeland finds that 10 per cent of American income receivers took a third of the national income in 1925:

	Number of families	Share of National Income	Average per family
Richest 10 per cent	2,700,000	27 billions	\$10,000
The rest of us...	24,300,000	54 billions	2,200
Total	27,000,000	81 billions	\$ 3,000

* This is the third in a series of seven articles on American Prosperity. The fourth will appear in the issue of November 27.—EDITOR THE NATION.

The richest 10 per cent comprises the upper strata of the Business Class—capitalists, landlords, bankers, higher executives, the more businesslike of the professional men. The remaining 90 per cent includes the lower levels of the Business Class, the Working Class, and the farmers. It averages \$2,200 a year and does not always know just where the gasoline is coming from for one car. Probably a third of the members have no car at all. Today, with a national income of 90 billions, the averages for both groups will be a little higher, though the number of families has, of course, increased. The change will not be great. If we take only the poorest 80 per cent of all families, their average income would be well under \$2,000.

Dr. Copeland has calculated the average income per employee for the year 1925 by various industries and occupations.

Agriculture (mostly farm laborers).....	\$ 537
Merchandising (including shopgirls and clerks)....	1,315
Mining	1,318
Manufacturing	1,362
Transportation and utilities.....	1,554
Construction	1,574
Government employees.....	1,585
Banking (mostly clerks).....	2,179
Unclassified	1,408
All groups	\$1,384

This is not strictly a Working-Class exhibit as it includes all who work for wages and salaries. It serves, however, to show two very important things. First, in a year of great commercial prosperity the average employee received only \$1,384. Second, great sections of the white-collar class, although a part ideologically of the Business Class, are in the same low economic condition as the manual workers. This applies particularly to shopgirls, telephone girls, shipping clerks, messenger boys, the lower ranks of bookkeeping.

The reason these figures are below the family-income estimates is that increasingly in America it takes two or more workers to support a family.

The minimum cost of living for a "standard family of five" in Middletown in 1924 was \$1,920.87. How many families received it? One hundred Working-Class families were picked at random. The total income of seventy-four of them was less than the cost of living budget of \$1,920.87—although some had fewer than five members in the family. Only twenty-six families earned more than this modest budget of health and decency. The income of the group ranged from \$344.50 to \$3,460, with a median at \$1,494.75.

In the summer of 1929 the New York Department of Labor surveyed 536 Working-Class families where the wife worked for money at home. Husbands averaged \$28.26 a week (\$1,470 a year) when working, but 17 per cent of them were unemployed at the time of the investigation. They

were day laborers, building tradesmen, clothing workers. The wife added an average of about \$6 to the weekly budget. "None of the families had median income as large as that required to maintain a family of five at a minimum comfort level." The New York of 1929 does not vary much from the Middletown of 1925.

We turn next to wages. Since 1920 the striking changes in the American labor market have been: (1) The restriction of immigration; (2) the decline in birth-rates and death-rates; (3) the growth of industry in the South.

From 1907 to 1914 an average of no less than 686,000 immigrants from Southeastern Europe and Asia landed on our shores each year. In 1925 just 22,000 landed. As a result some half million a year of pick-and-shovel men have ceased to flow into American industry. Again, as a result, employers have been forced to handle the available supply of labor with more care and efficiency than heretofore. Wages have tended upwards; automatic and semi-automatic machinery has been greatly stimulated; strikes have declined.

Hourly rates for unskilled labor jumped from 20 cents in 1914 to 55 cents in 1920. They slid down to 41 cents in 1922 and have crept slowly up since then. On January 1, 1928, the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics estimated the average for unskilled work the country over at 43 cents an hour, with the Middle Atlantic States paying the maximum, 49 cents, and the East South Central States the minimum, 27 cents. This indicates the very meager share in prosperity which labor in the South is receiving. Indeed it is difficult to observe anything particularly prosperous in the whole body of unskilled workers, the country over.

The United States average of 43 cents an hour means only \$1,032 a year.

The Southern average (the minimum) of 27 cents means only \$648 a year.

The Middle Atlantic average (the maximum) of 49 cents means only \$1,176 a year.

How much gasoline, on top of food, shelter, and clothing, does this pay for? And, of course, the annual figures as given are far too high. They are based on a 300-day year. Unskilled laborers are lucky if they are employed three days out of four.

The best available barometer of wages during the present era is found in the combined hourly rates of twenty-three industries, as presented by Dr. Wolman:

	1922.....\$.49	1925.....\$.56
1920.....\$.61	1923..... .54	1926..... .56
1921..... .52	1924..... .56	1927..... .57

Here certainly is no great cause for rejoicing. The peak was registered in 1920 with 61 cents. By 1922 rates had fallen to 49 cents, rising to 57 cents in 1927.

The building trades are about 50 per cent unionized the country over, and they have pushed up their hourly earnings farther than any other Working-Class group. In 1914 they averaged 53 cents; in 1927, \$1.32. The plateau in the hourly rate curves of other industries (from 1923 to date) is not found among carpenters, masons, and plumbers. Their curve goes steadily upwards. We find large variations between cities, however. Carpenters receive 80 cents an hour in Atlanta and \$1.50 in New York. Bricklayers get \$1.38 in Los Angeles and \$1.75 in St. Louis.

It must be remembered, however, that hourly rates and cash put into the pay envelope are two entirely distinct

things. Rates may be high, but if a man works only half a year, his net income may be very low. Nor are fines and systems of docking unknown in American industry. Fifty-seven cents an hour—call it 60 cents in 1929 if you like—for an eight-hour day, 300 working days a year, means an annual cash income of \$1,440. Probably the majority of wage earners are not working 300 days. Dr. Copeland, you will remember, calculated an annual average wage of \$1,384 for various occupational groups in 1925.

The prosperity chorus has raised a considerable hue and cry as to labor's savings and investments in corporation stocks. No statistics are available showing the amount of Working-Class savings as such. The savings of the entire population increased from 8.4 billions in 1912 to 26.0 billions in 1927, while the number of depositors grew from 12.6 millions to 48.4 millions. This looks like a tremendous increase, but Mr. Abraham Epstein points out that on the basis of the 1912 dollar the increase instead of 26 billions is nearer 15 billions. Mr. Epstein concludes that the net increase in Working-Class savings has been greatly overemphasized. He is undoubtedly right; but making all due allowances, a very hefty increment has been registered.

While the number of Working-Class stockholders is large, however, their average holdings are small. There were about 100 billions of corporate stock outstanding in the United States in 1926. Employees had subscribed to not over one billion of this amount. Many executives and professional employees held substantial blocks in the billion. This leaves the share of the Working Class at far less than one per cent. Assuming a 10 per cent return—which is high—dividends now distributed to the workers, if equally divided among all American workers, would amount to about \$4 a year.

To sum up our findings as to the share of labor. We have reason to believe:

1. That wages as a whole are tending slowly upward.
2. That wages as a whole are increasing faster than the cost of living—without allowing, however, for the *new standard of living*. If a motor car, a radio, a telephone, and a bathtub be counted as prime essentials, wages are not keeping up to the cost of living. That they have not done so the six billions of instalment credit bear striking tribute.
3. That the share of the Working Class in the total national income was, up to 1925, neither increasing nor declining.
4. That savings and savings-bank depositors are increasing, but large reservations are in order in respect to the net increment to the Working Class.
5. That the share of labor in corporate securities is negligible.
6. That the average industrial worker receives somewhere in the neighborhood of \$1,500 a year, with large variations vocationally and geographically. Unskilled labor in the South comes perilously close to the rock bottom of bare subsistence with an annual income of not over \$650.
7. That the only real prosperity has come in the ranks of certain skilled workers—notably in the construction industry. Even this is relative.
8. That family income is normally greater than head-of-the-family income. If "the mister" had to pay all the bills, not only would the new standard of living be inconceivable, but it would be a life-and-death struggle to maintain the necessary modicum of food, shelter, and clothing.

Austria Faces Her Crisis

By G. E. R. GEDYE

Vienna, October 12

LITTLE Austria has been making a nuisance of herself to the Great Powers on and off for more than two years. The new Austrian nationalism which is growing up under the wing of Heimwehrism and which is as intolerant of foreign comment as is the nationalism of any big Power, bitterly resents the attention paid to Austrian affairs in the foreign press. It complains that many worse things happen in Germany and elsewhere than in Austria but attract less notice.

The chief reason why Austria is not allowed the privilege of having her revolution behind closed doors and shuttered windows lies in the threat to European peace inherent in any disturbance of her slender hold—financially, economically, politically, and militarily—on life. For her delicate health the Powers themselves must bear the largest share of responsibility. Had we of the victor Powers in the World War shown less vindictiveness toward the German subjects of the Hapsburgs, and less extreme generosity at their expense to the Hapsburgs' Slav subjects—and to Italy—this *malaise* would probably not exist today. Had we seen that the inhabitants of German-Austria had as fair a chance of economic health as the inhabitants of Czechoslovakia or Yugoslavia—or even Hungary—instead of throwing them the bone of present-day Austria to live on when the meat had been cut away by others, and on top of it forbidden them to seek sustenance at the table of the German Reich to which they were invited, Austria would never have become a danger spot in Europe. There would not have been that army of unemployed, discontented, and disinherited—that array of wasted energy and even of talent living in enforced idleness, ready to listen to Heimwehr cure-all demagoguery. These unfortunates would not have been so eager to feel themselves *men* again in olive-green uniforms with cocks' feathers in their hats. And if there had been a coup d'état in a healthy Austria against Socialist predominance in Vienna, though it might have cost the country the sympathy of democrats abroad the rest of the world would have felt no more concern than it did over the coups in Lithuania, Poland, or Yugoslavia.

There is little need to trace the growth of the Heimwehr. Everyone knows how unimportant in home politics were the little patriotic groups of ex-officers and soldiers who had done much for the local defense of Austria's frontiers, up to the time of the riots of July 15, 1927. These riots were the product of the extreme bitterness of Austrian politics—of the incitements of the extremist Socialist press combined with the provocation of the acquittal of Nationalists who had shot down Socialists. The Austrian peasantry, which distrusted Vienna before the war and hated it afterwards, firmly believed that the Vienna Socialists had tried to set up a dictatorship of the proletariat. The story, which everyone in Vienna knew to be utterly untrue, was assiduously propagated by the Clericals to inflame the countryside against the Socialists. From their agitation was born the modern Heimwehr.

What is the truth about the Vienna Socialists? Many—not all—of their leaders are doctrinaire extremists. Dr. Otto Bauer is separated from Mr. J. H. Thomas by a gulf precisely as broad as that which separates that religious crusader against Socialism, Dr. Seipel, from Mr. Baldwin. Austria has not only the Jews, but also the Socialists and Clericals whom it deserves.

The great tactical error of the Socialists has been their concentration on a local triumph within Austria's narrow frontiers to the neglect of world developments. They have ignored the definite resettlement of Europe into capitalist grooves and have continued to conduct themselves as though the world were still in the state of flux of 1919. It is true that they have done literally magnificent social-welfare work in Vienna, but they have used it to strengthen their rigid party system. They have done much to redress the balance of open luxury on the one hand and hidden poverty (of spirit as of pocket) on the other which characterized imperial Vienna. But to do so they have bled Vienna commerce, so it declares, nearly white. They have broken the "lackeyism" of the Hapsburg capital, but they have humiliated the bourgeoisie with continual threats of street demonstrations. But a denial of certain loudly trumpeted allegations of their enemies needs to be recorded once again. They are not Bolsheviks. They have adhered throughout to the platform of democracy and rejected that of the dictatorship of the proletariat. Whether expediency alone induced some of their wildest leaders to do so is another matter. They are entitled to be judged by their actions and professions. To their leaders more than to anyone else in Austria is it due that the country escaped bolshevism when that movement prevailed around her in Munich and Budapest in 1919. And in July, 1927, their leaders not only never dreamed of a Socialist coup d'état but risked their lives to calm a mob which had got out of hand. They must accept the blame for failing to restrain the mob which they believed they could control and which their press had helped to inflame. The responsibility is serious, but it does not justify the legend which by dint of assiduous repetition is now almost graven in the face of the Austrian Alps, that they planned the July riots to overthrow the state.

Chancellor Schober, the man of the hour, the Police President of Vienna, has spoken of the Heimwehr as a great *Volksbewegung*—a movement of the people. He is justified by the facts. The Austrian industrialists have lavished money on the cause of crippling the powers of the trade unions. The Hapsburg aristocracy of Austria, far prouder than that of parvenu royal France (was it not the aristocracy of the Holy Roman Empire, of papal if not of divine origin?) has, in part openly but still more secretly, grasped at this hope of recovering that past eminence which it sees its Hungarian counterpart maintaining today. The peasant always disliked Vienna, even Hapsburg Vienna—how simple to persuade him to dislike the Vienna of the Socialists! A "Heimwehr terror" exists today throughout the Austrian countryside which is the counterpart of the "Socialist terror"

of the factories. If there is no job for the non-unionist in the cities, equally there is no roof to shelter the peasant who is backward in declaring his allegiance to the Heimwehr of his lord and master. The bigoted and superstitious among the Alpine peasantry rushed to the Heimwehr colors at the call of the priest. The disinherited—the officer, the civil servant, the caterer to a great court and aristocracy, the bank clerk, the lackey—all those whose world had crumbled about their ears found in the demagogic words of the Heimwehr leaders a new-old gospel which they had not dared to hope to hear again.

I have written elsewhere of the Heimwehr movement as a crowded charabanc careering downhill with no one at the steering wheel, destined only to crash into the wall. Socialism bars its path, with a dozen eager hands anxious afterwards to grasp the wheel—if there is anything left to grasp. Dr. Seipel would steer toward Hungary. The Vatican—and Dr. Seipel is the Vatican in Austria—proverbially thinks in centuries. Wilder dreams than that of a revived Austro-Hungarian monarchy have been entertained in Europe since 1918. A Hapsburg restoration today sounds fantastic, but a Danube confederation strikes a less fantastic note. It would be no bad stepping-stone. At least it would prevent the extinction of Hapsburg hopes which union with Germany would imply. The *Reichspost*, commonly considered Dr. Seipel's paper, is well known to be monarchist in sympathy, though that is kept in the background. But to say—as some Vienna papers do—that Dr. Seipel is actually planning a Hapsburg restoration is a wild exaggeration.

There are many other eager hands ready to grasp the steering wheel after the smash: those which flirted with Italian fascism, the German nationalist organizations which have supplied much of the money, the industrialists who wish to curb the trade unions and even to put back the clock of social legislation, the *schwarz-gelb* Hapsburg aristocracy, the higher bureaucracy, and the former imperial generals who see in present-day Hungary the best stepping-stone to a restoration of something at least of the past. There is also the Wittelsbach influence which dreams of a Bavarian restoration helping toward the realization of *schwarz-gelb* dreams.

What of those "moderate Heimwehr," the people who really justify Chancellor Schober's description of "a great people's movement"? Although artificially cultivated with lavish funds by cynical party politicians for their own purposes, the Heimwehr has recently, especially in the federal states, become a cause to inspire a large section of the population with genuine enthusiasm. In Vienna, despite all the rhetoric of its friends and leaders, it remains a delicate hot-house plant beside the robust wild flower of Socialism. But in the provinces it has taken firm root, and as Herr Schober told Parliament, it must be reckoned with seriously. It is a swing of the pendulum—a reaction against the extravagances of the revolution, which is in danger of becoming Reaction with a capital letter. Herr Schober has set himself to the task of guiding this purely anti-Socialist enthusiasm into legal channels. The Socialists, after several years of truculence, are in yielding temper. They are in a mood today to surrender most of their really "revolutionary" gains, which it would have been far better for them to have yielded gradually and unobtrusively years ago. But for the essentials they are not merely prepared, but determined to fight, in Parliament and outside it, on the platform and—behind

the barricades. And they believe that with Heimwehr acceptance of Schober as chancellor that movement has reached and passed its dangerous zenith.

Johann Schober, who has always looked on police work as a trust, who has been happiest as a district police commissioner, a "people's judge" to whom the workers turned in times of trouble of many kinds for counsel, knows the price which Austrian Socialism paid under the monarchy in the long struggle for universal suffrage, parliamentary government, and the abolition of class franchise. He is not of their camp. He has no high opinion of "parliamentary" government with its endless quarreling over trivialities and its secret bargains between a handful of party leaders. Although he probably considers Austria unripe for "full" democracy, the Socialists are at the moment content to see him in charge. For many years their leaders have privately given him more of their confidence than they have given to any non-Socialist, trusting him as a level-headed non-political servant of the republic as he was of the monarchy. The scandalous campaign of the Socialist press against him as the "bloodhound" of July 15, 1927, was never more than a discreditable party maneuver to give the fury of the workers an objective after the terrible slaughter of that day of evil memory. Schober is human. He cannot have forgotten the treatment to which he was subjected, but a man with his sense of duty is likely to put aside these memories as far as possible in the interests of the state, which includes the great Social-Democratic (Socialist) Party as well as its enemies.

It is doubtful whether the Heimwehr threats can be held responsible for the downfall of Austria's biggest bank, the Bodenkredit Anstalt. Probably the bank was in any case in too bad a state to have maintained its independent existence for long, but the Heimwehr scare certainly precipitated the debacle. The tragedy of the Bodenkredit taught a lesson to those behind the Heimwehr movement which may have important results. It has completely stopped the contributions of banks and industrialists to Heimwehr funds, and has led them to exert such influence as they may possess over the Heimwehr leaders in a sedative direction. Complete disarmament of both bodies is, of course, the only final solution, and the day will come, if Herr Schober remains chancellor as long as every well-wisher of Austria must hope, when he will find himself in a position to take this essential step to pacification. It is difficult for him to do so at the moment on account of the entirely laudable pacifism of the Socialists. If he acts while they alone demand disarmament, he incurs the risk of being charged with doing so at their instigation. When someone in the bourgeois camp has the courage to raise the same cry and so earn the gratitude of the greater part of the nation, which is heartily sick of the whole business, he will feel free to move.

The future is not yet clear. The heavily armed Heimwehr battalions have been wildly incited for two years against parliament, democracy, and the Socialists. The latter have been urged to prepare to resist to the death. Their armament in general is much inferior, but in Vienna and Upper and Lower Austria it is probably better than that of the local Heimwehr. Some of the Heimwehr have unquestionably made detailed and serious plans for a putsch, and may do so again. Some of the bourgeois party leaders are with them. Almost all of them render eager lip-service to the Heimwehr which they created but which, like Frankenstein's

monster, now threatens their very existence. The party politicians (except, of course, the Socialists) are tumbling over one another in their eagerness to be accepted by the movement which scorns party politics. Today Herr Schober's name is sacred to the Heimwehr leaders. Tomorrow it may be a name of scorn if he fails to persuade them to see reason. The Heimwehr leaders insist on a clean sweep, on no concession whatever to the Socialists or to democracy. This is possible only by a violent break of the constitution, which cannot be altered legally without the assistance of the Socialists to obtain the necessary two-thirds majority. There are various places for a "bloodless" putsch, for a breach of the constitution on a minor issue first, which would not arouse the workers but which could then be used as a precedent. The Clericals are showing caustic skill of a high order in twisting the wording of the constitution to this end, especially in the pages of the *Reichspost*. But legal progress involves compromise. It is Chancellor Schober's difficult task to see that this is effected with the maximum of "face-saving," especially for the Heimwehr.

[Since the above article was written, Chancellor Schober's bill has been introduced. It is far more reactionary than anyone anticipated; yet the Heimwehr declare that it is only one step on the road to the abolition of parliament and a fascist dictatorship.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has just been X-rayed. Not for the first time. But for the worst time. Medicine, like the rest of our civilization, grows ever more complex. The Drifter recalls having had his teeth X-rayed a couple of times in the past, and it was all over with the celerity, and about the expense, of a passport photograph. Likewise he once before had some plates made of his insides. It was done in two visits on the same day with an interval of five hours in between. But such simple methods seem to be demoded. This last time the Drifter had to make seven visits to his X-ray doctor, occupying the better part of three days. His captors photographed practically every square inch of his insides, standing up and lying down. They filled him up with all kinds of fluids and washed him out with every known purge. They must have taken a couple of dozen pictures, discovering all the bodily secrets which the Drifter possessed. That is, all those below the neck. The Drifter's captors had the forbearance not to turn their probing rays upon his head, thereby sparing him from the most humiliating revelation of all.

THE X-ray specialist to whom the Drifter went occupies a large private house, four or five stories in height, on New York's upper East Side. There is no physician's sign at the door; the doctor evidently wants to avoid calls from his neighbors. The entrance hall and reception room has a fireplace on either side and enough floor space so that it would carve up nicely into apartments for two average New York families. There is quite a staff. In three days' more or less continuous stay the Drifter made the acquaintance of the footman, the secretary, the X-ray nurse, an assist-

ant physician, the scrub lady, and several patients—everybody, in fact, except the doctor himself. The Drifter never saw the latter at all. Apparently he spends his time in the upper part of the house studying his patients' plates and investing their fees.

THE Drifter's X-ray plates were made by a nurse—a young woman skilful, considerate, and attractive. The Drifter often marvels at the high percentage of fine young women who take up the profession of nursing. Or is it that the profession of nursing makes fine young women of such a high percentage of those who take it up? X-ray photography is tedious rather than painful for the patient, but the Drifter admits he is always a bit nervous under the ministrations of the formidable machines that are used; and the way in which they spit, hiss, and sizzle is not reassuring. The Drifter read recently of a doctor who sat down on a radiator with the cord of an X-ray machine in his hand—and was electrocuted. There is always a chance of some mistake by which an X-ray may lead to an ex-Drifter. A little ray—or rayon—must have got loose somehow when the Drifter's first plate was made on the occasion about which he is writing. Anyhow he felt a slight shock and jumped a little. Thereupon he was strapped to the plate as to an electric chair.

BUT the most sardonic touch occurred on the morning when the Drifter made his final trip to the X-ray specialist. He picked up his mail as he left home. Among other waifs there was a letter from a bank on Fifth Avenue. As the size of the Drifter's account precludes any connection with banks on Fifth Avenue, he knew the letter must be advertising and stuffed it unopened into a pocket. Arrived in the dignified, austere, and depressing reception room of his doctor, he had a moment to wait, and in idle curiosity opened the missive. The Drifter pulled out a circular saying that if he would return the enclosed reply post card the company would be pleased to send its pamphlet "How to Begin Making Your Will."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

So Rabelais

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You may be interested in seeing the inclosed copy of a letter I have just written to the Collector of Customs in Chicago, Illinois.

MY DEAR SIR:

I am informed that on September 23 you seized, under Section 305 of the Tariff Act, a parcel containing the "Complete Works of Rabelais," which I had mailed to a correspondent in your district—C. R. Wilson, at Oak Park, Illinois.

I may observe that this issue of the works of Rabelais was published in the United States only a few months ago. It was advertised extensively in the whole literary press of the country, and as far as I am aware it is freely circulated and sold in the domestic market. The copy which you confiscated is one that was sent me by the New York *Nation* for review, and my review of it has probably appeared by this time. You will probably perceive at once

that under these circumstances a seizure of the books at a port of entry is simply silly.

Furthermore I may observe for your information that the Works of Rabelais are one of the great classics of the world's literature, and that a discrimination against them as obscene would hold equally against the English Bible, and the works (among many others) of Shakespeare, Chaucer, Dryden, Pope, and Swift—all of which I understand are freely imported and sold.

My correspondent to whom the parcel was addressed is a scholar, Master of Arts of the University of Oxford, who lately collaborated with me in an essay on Rabelais, which is now being issued by one of the oldest and best-known publishing houses in the United States. Fortunately the volumes which you confiscated are of no value to a scholar or even to a serious reader. I sent them to my colleague only as a literary curiosity of no importance. Hence they are not worth the trouble of reclamation by any of the methods which you kindly point out as available. I am, however, sending a copy of this letter to the Secretary of the Treasury, thinking it possible that he may wish to dissociate himself from this utterly ridiculous proceeding.

Brussels, October 12

ALBERT JAY NOCK

"All Quiet——"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. W. R. Hearst should not have printed "All Quiet on the Western Front" in his papers as probably, in spite of the League of Nations, this country some day will have some other war to fight and then the boys will be afraid. If such books are recommended the boys will run away if the U. S. A. has a war—and what will Mr. Hearst say then?

A former German officer with four years' service at the front, I am now occupied helping to keep this country clean by washing dishes and windows, but in the name of all my old war comrades let me tell you that Germany would have been finished within three months if all her soldiers had been of the type of Remarque!

His book as the work of a 100-per-cent pacifist can hardly be recommended to *men*. War is hell, certainly, but in a war even a kitchen-pot washer has a chance to become a hero for his country.

And life isn't worth so much as Remarque thinks it is.

Los Angeles, California, September 2 E. V. KIENITZ

A Public Defender

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The movement to establish by law the office of Public Defender to represent indigent accused persons in the criminal courts—which has been spreading rapidly throughout the country during the past few years—has received a powerful impetus recently.

This proposed reform, according to the press reports, has just received approval in a nation-wide preferential vote taken by the National Economic League with respect to this and other reforms looking toward a better administration of justice.

Chief Justice Taft, Mr. Samuel Untermyer, Justice William Harman Black, and many other distinguished judges, lawyers, and sociologists have indorsed this proposal, as have numerous civic, political, labor, and women's organizations throughout the country.

The poor man in the courts should be given a real equality before the law. He should have the right to a real defense—

not a perfunctory one. Too often under present conditions he is discriminated against—not because of his guilt—but because of his poverty. The present assigned counsel system is archaic, unfair, and unsatisfactory. It should be replaced by a system of public defense which will give to all persons accused of crime a fair trial—regardless of race, creed, color, or purse. Justice is the ultimate goal. Charity does not avail as a substitute for justice.

New York, October 29

MAYER C. GOLDMAN

Political Prisoners

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: All over the world thousands of people are imprisoned arbitrarily on account of political, social, or religious beliefs which happen to displease military or government officials. In order to make them confess their so-called crimes they are submitted to unspeakable torture, and whether a confession is obtained or not they are cast into prison, or as in Greece and Italy, deported to outlying islands.

There are several non-partisan organizations which are helping defend these prisoners, but it is hoped that some international program may be worked out which will concern itself primarily with their defense. The Women's International League for Peace and Freedom at its recent congress at Prague appointed a committee for this purpose, and it is the duty of every nation to cooperate with the League in their work for the release of political prisoners.

"Toute notre dignité consiste donc en la pensée," says Pascal. Can we without cowardice allow thousands of beings to suffer hunger, cold, torture, and, what is worse, dreadful isolation and inaction because they have committed the crime of thinking?

Paris, October 1

CAMILLE DREVET

Women and Citizenship

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To J. Mark Jacobson's very excellent summary in *The Nation* of August 21 of the difficulties arising out of the contradictory bases of the nationality laws of the various countries, may I say a word in behalf of the Cable Act, which, with all its faults—some of them not named by Mr. Jacobson—is still the object of satisfaction to women citizens of the United States?

What has subjected the Cable Act to the severest criticism is that it puts some foreign women who marry United States citizens in a stateless group. Even before the adoption of this act, many countries had recognized that their women citizens could not by the mere fact of marriage acquire the nationality of their foreign husbands, and had laws preserving to their women their own nationality. This was true of China and Japan, whose women for many decades have been excluded from United States citizenship by marriage. It was also true of France, Poland, Italy, Bulgaria, Portugal, Siam, and of Mexico and half a dozen other Latin-American states.

Since the adoption of the Cable Act by the United States a steadily increasing number of countries have safeguarded the nationality of their women, such safeguards being a distinct characteristic of recently enacted nationality laws or regulations, as in the Scandinavian countries, Albania, Egypt, Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Switzerland. The outstanding countries having no such provision are Germany, the Netherlands, Spain, and Great Britain and its Dominions, none of which have in any radical way amended their laws regarding women since 1922,

but in all of which organized women are demanding a change in favor of the retention of their own nationality and respect for the nationality of foreign women. Since the information upon which Mr. Jacobson bases his figures was compiled, Albania, Guatemala, and Yugoslavia have joined the countries giving women the right to elect to keep their own nationality; Turkey and Cuba have declared that their women nationals shall not lose nationality on marriage. There is, therefore, everywhere a distinct tendency toward a recognition of the independent nationality right of married women.

Furthermore, the difficulty arising immediately after the enactment of the Cable Act, when an American citizen could not secure admission to the United States for his alien wife because the immigration laws made no exception for her, was removed by the immigration act of 1924, which gave non-quota status to the wife of a United States citizen, so that now the stateless foreign wife of an American can enter this country and after a year's residence become a citizen.

Again, in the illustration given by Mr. Jacobson of the American woman who has lost her American citizenship by marriage to an Italian and who, on the dissolution of the marriage, decides to reacquire her American citizenship but whose children must await their turn under the overcrowded Italian quota, Mr. Jacobson overlooks the provisions of the immigration law. At the present time she can return to the United States as a non-quota immigrant. She can regain her citizenship after a year's residence, and she can then bring her children in as non-quota immigrants. It is not a perfect solution of the difficulty, but the situation is less serious than is pictured.

The faults in the Cable Act, making it seem far from perfect to the American woman, are not mentioned by Mr. Jacobson. Its provision placing an American woman married to an alien in the same class with naturalized citizens is fraught with confusion, for after two years' residence in the country of her foreign husband or five years' residence out of this country her nationality status is left in doubt. The rule that the American woman who marries an alien racially ineligible to citizenship herself becomes an alien is, in effect, not a punishment to white women but an injustice to our American-born Orientals. The failure to make easy the resumption of United States citizenship by American women who automatically lost it by marriage before September, 1922, has created serious difficulties, only partly remedied by a recent amendment to the immigration law. These and other features of the act are matters that can well be considered in perfecting the law as a national measure.

Mr. Jacobson, however, is undoubtedly correct in maintaining that there is need of international action of the sort that is planned by the coming Conference for the Codification of International Law at The Hague. Such action in connection with the important matter of nationality of women cannot be taken at this period of history without giving attention to the rights and the voice of women. It is not only "American feminists" who are interested. Women of many other countries, whether so-called feminists or not, are making themselves heard. It is significant that the leading international groups of women, the International Council of Women and the International Alliance of Women for Suffrage and Equal Citizenship, have long advocated the independent citizenship of married women; that the latter organization, representing organized women of forty-three countries, and a body of more recent inception, the Inter-American Commission of Women, representing the women of the Americas, after a most careful study of this question, have drafted their own proposals for submission to The Hague conference. This is probably the first time in history when any large body of the world's inhabitants have given articulate expression to their wishes regarding the subject of their own nationality.

Washington, D. C., September 1

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Books, Films, and Drama

Stonehenge

By AUDREY WURDEMAN

In this white circle, on what midsummer night,
Did the gnome-folk, the gnarled and knotty of thews,
Lead the wreathed innocent? When the first light
Of the sun crept over the sacred stone, and the mews
Were full of the sound of birds in the stirring-hours,
Then was the gleam of the faceted flint, and a moan
Smothered at starting beneath the woven flowers,
Where the trilithon shadowed the sudden flow over stone.

The throbbing heart was held high to the sun, and the crying
Cadence of voices was belled and full of thanksgiving.
The red that flooded the sky and the stone was a flying
Banner of triumph speeding against the night,
And the crumpled flowers were sweeter than anything living,
And the full-throated chanting rang in the chequered light.

Desperate Apologetics

The Present Crisis in Religion. By W. E. Orchard. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

What Do We Mean by God? By Cyril H. Valentine. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

HERE are two books admirably illustrating two traditional forms of Christian apologetics in their latest English garb. The Rev. Dr. Orchard is frankly worried, for the Church of England is visibly failing. Church attendance is dropping rapidly, the force of revivalism is spent, the Sunday schools are no longer effective recruiting agencies, the "people of importance" scoff and the "masses" are indifferent. The church is, therefore, little more than a haven for mediocrity—mediocre talent in the pulpits and middle-class congregations in the pews. No one can blame a parson under these conditions for becoming homesick for a surer and godlier world. His book, however, promises to be more than a flight to safety; it opens with a realistic survey of the present crisis in religion (whereby he really means the present crisis in the Anglican Church), and he succeeds in portraying a situation which is genuinely crucial in the sense that things may go either way. He emphasizes repeatedly his opinion that the contingency is real and ultimate and that there is no reason for believing in any sure guaranty that the church must triumph. But having said all this, he then turns round and argues that the real cause for the low estate into which religion has fallen is its lack of a certain faith and an authoritative church, and he confesses his own indomitable faith in the ultimate validity and value of the Christian religion. In fact, he overdoes it, for his empirical uncertainty is poorly concealed beneath the trite and loose arguments which culminate in the grand conclusion that "the abandonment of religion, to which so much in modern thought, interest, and life seems to be tending, means the undermining of every rational interpretation of existence, the negating of any hope of reaching secular stability, and the destruction of the compensating spiritual treasures which might make man content: it is therefore making for nothing else and nothing less than irrationality, madness, strife, and unendurable misery."

Such a contention is so evidently absurd that it is small wonder that his arguments do not prove it. Had he followed

the drift of his analysis and seriously considered the actual factors which were producing the crisis, he would have faced such facts as that people are now finding more attractive ways of spending Sunday than going to church, that they seek diversion and excitement instead of "rest and inspiration," that the clergy are not the intellectual leaders they used to be, that art has become largely secularized, and other similar considerations which the book raises only to drop them hastily and to fall back into the more conventional exercises of theological and theoretical apologetics. As it is, the book closes with a scheme for the "rehabilitation of the church" which is little more than a rationalization of the Catholic Party's policy in the Anglican crisis. Dr. Orchard urges universal adoption of the Catholic faith without compromise to higher critics or surrender of dogma as a sop to science, but with broad toleration within this faith for the various Protestant forms of religion. The Papacy ought to be "constitutional and benevolent" and ought to sanction Methodism and other forms of evangelical religion for their utility in winning over "the indifferent masses" to religion and thus preparing them for the reception of Catholic truth. Similar tolerance ought to be extended to other Protestant churches for their specific functions. Failing this, the church will do well to emphasize the invisible "mystical Catholic Church" as the only ark of salvation, and individuals will do well to practice mysticism in place of evangelical revivalism.

Dr. Orchard is shrewd; he notices that Catholic churches are filled; but this is not the ground on which he argues for Catholicism. The arguments for this scheme are negligible, but the conclusion is probably a piece of practical wisdom under the circumstances in England. Anglo-Catholicism will probably not result in a glorious revival of both Christianity and the church, as Dr. Orchard hopes, but it may reduce the empty pews temporarily. The whole temper of Anglican clergymen at present is defensive. Their philosophy is well described by the words of John Dewey: "The evidence for skepticism is so overwhelming that we must be dogmatic."

Dr. Valentine's attitude is quite different; for although he, too, ends with the ancient doctrines, he regards them as disguised forms of the latest revelations of science. He is more up to date in his learning. He shares Dr. Orchard's fear of psychology and philosophy, but instead of merely dismissing them as "lamentably" prevalent he has taken the trouble to learn and exploit their secrets. He has learned, for example, what less technically trained psychologists may overlook, that though a person is excited into action by a "stimulus" he does not respond literally to the stimulus but to the total situation. Seizing upon this apparently innocent psychological fact, and following the clues suggested by General Smuts's "Holism" and Eddington's "The Nature of the Physical World," Dr. Valentine concludes that God is man's response to reality as a whole. Science, so the argument runs, is engaged in analyzing particular stimuli, not in responding to wholes; and art, while it deals with concrete wholes, has no technique for responding to the whole of reality; hence religious experience is a necessary supplement to these other forms of experience and also the most intimate and final form of knowledge. On the side of the human individual the whole is known as personality, and this human, personal whole responds immediately to reality as a whole and reality in turn responds to it. Therefore reality is also personal both in the sense that it includes persons and in the sense that only a person can hold intimate communion (mutual responsiveness) with another person. This conception of God avoids pantheism by making a distinction between reality as a whole, which is God, and the totality of particular realities, which is God's "field"—another scientific concept made to do heavy religious duty.

On this basis, one after another of the familiar truths of the Christian tradition reappear. The Trinity, for example, is God as subject (Father), object (Son), and response (Holy Spirit). The book is not so much a well-developed argument as a wearisome repetition of this one idea. That such a God may be useful to certain psychologists and philosophers is evident from the numerous treatises now written on this theme, but that He is the God of religion remains a sheer assumption. A religious man might well agree that this is "the least that we can mean by God." How curious that a God based on such dialectical fancy-work should be regarded as having religious reality, while the gods that are expressions of human needs and ideals are scorned as "mere fictions"! Theologians would do religion a great service if they would return to the gods of religion and let philosophers and scientists play with their metaphysical toys. For in all probability, unless science and philosophy are utterly untrustworthy, the "whole of reality" is merely an abstract term, denoting the totality of concrete reals but not implying a unitary being; and certainly "a response to reality as a whole" would be a psychological monstrosity. What right has a theologian to lay down the law to science and say: you can not cope with personality; you make no total responses; you can not face reality directly? Science and philosophy can do all these things just as well as religion if not better. To deny them this privilege is sheer theological presumption and a clumsy exploitation of a philosopher's burlesque of the supposed materialism of nineteenth-century science; and all this show of intellectual up-to-date-ness and scientific precision is little more than a rationalization of a failure to be scientific in spirit and method.

HERBERT W. SCHNEIDER

Science and the Savage

The Mind of the Savage. By Raoul Allier. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.75.

Are We Civilized? By Robert H. Lowie. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

THE average intelligent but uninformed reader who is generally invoked in discussions of scientific popularizations will be much confused as to what anthropologists really know or believe about man and his achievements if he reads these two books, for they are neatly disparate. M. Allier, dean of the faculty of Protestant theology at Paris, looks upon human culture through ethnological spectacles which show him the world divided into "Le non-civilisé et nous," the title under which "The Mind of the Savage" originally appeared. This view seems a weld of two European schools: Frazer's, which postulates peoples on a kind of cultural Jacob's ladder, with the white European of course at the top, and Lévy-Bruhl's, which divides the world into logical and pre-logical minds, chiefly geographically and by race. Much of the material presented by M. Allier has been gathered for him by missionaries, but it is often the case that the clearest and most detailed accounts of a people are made by missionaries. M. Allier interprets these data, together with the theories advanced by anthropologists who have impressed him, in a manner curiously reminiscent of a twelfth-century Father laboriously proving that heretics and sorcerers are immoral and degenerate persons..

We have continually to return to our one essential discovery [he says], that uncivilized mentality, with its belief in magic as its dominant factor, is characterized by real spiritual disintegration. This disintegration—whose origins go back to far-distant times and which consists essentially of an almost mechanical acquiescence in facts, of a rooted passivity toward the moral events that make up the interior life, of complete absence of initiative

—is the deep-rooted cause of that intellectual and moral ankylosis that has kept each of these tribes at a stage beyond which it has never been able to advance. Mentality of this kind can be changed only by grappling with the moral state which, in some way, is its consequence, but which also originates it and keeps it alive. With this change, everything becomes possible. This change, which is a radical alteration in the direction of mental forces, we call, from the religious point of view, conversion.

To an American ethnologist these statements are preposterous nonsense. The word *magic* has generally meant, in European theology, black magic, and in Europe this has been often practiced by renegades of the church; broadly, it is a cult unconsciously hostile to Catholicism. An anthropologist means by the same word certain principles of behavior toward natural phenomena current in every civilization and based fundamentally, he now perceives, on the psychological processes of association. Frazer's "sympathetic magic," for example, is roughly contained in the ancient and widely elaborated notion that harm to the image is harm to the man, and likewise in the therapeutic formula of "the hair of the dog that bit you." Thus a "non-civilized" sorcerer would easily understand vaccination.

M. Allier has ingeniously identified the anthropologist's concept with the theologian's, and on that basis he resurrects an old self-flattering thesis that primitive people are retarded, or fallen. The French dean and the American technologist become irreconcilable dissenters in Dr. Lowie's remarks on primitive mentality and primitive religion.

They [primitive peoples] are using the same sort of mental operations as ourselves; they observe, they classify, they draw inferences and make practical applications. The very same people who at one moment think the most arrant nonsense turn at another into past masters of logic. In this they resemble not only the civilized man in the street but even great scientists. . . . Of course the believer in a revealed religion can never treat primitive religion as on a par with his own. The reason is obvious: in any such comparison the savage starts with a handicap, for he is pitted not against civilization, but against civilization plus Providence.

The ethnological glasses through which Dr. Lowie and most of his American colleagues look upon human achievement do not show him a stairway resting in hell and reaching to heaven, nor a simple division of talents according to color; he sees, literally, maps. In one region one people has developed certain activities, perhaps one kind more than the others, and has emphasized certain values, much as might an individual. The differences between peoples are set forth by Dr. Lowie in terms of degree of cultural complexity and organization. From this standpoint the factors of geographical situation, ease and multiplicity of contacts, acquire dominant importance. A given civilization or group is thus chiefly described by historical analysis, much as a modern psychiatrist treats an individual case; though neither the ethnologist nor the psychiatrist necessarily concludes that everything can be explained historically, chiefly because the process is too complex to be completely traced.

It is a point of view which results from sincere attempts at accurate methods of investigation, and it falls back often on sheer common sense. M. Allier, on the other hand, with the assurance of a seer, chooses to join both science and religion to prove his points. The disparity is perhaps ultimately due to the fact that M. Allier is a French theologian and Dr. Lowie an American ethnologist and university professor. These differences show themselves in the two styles; the former pedestrian, meticulous, burdened by data often obscure; the latter chatty, informally entertaining, full of benevolent irony, and without footnotes. The average reader will probably be convinced by Dr. Lowie's style unless, of course, M. Allier best conserves his peace of mind.

ANITA BRENNER

This Side of Greatness

Hawthorne. By Newton Arvin. Little, Brown and Company. \$3.50.

IT is satisfying to observe that, in a day when biography employs many of the methods and seeks many of the results of fiction, Mr. Arvin has had the wisdom and courage to write a study of Hawthorne that relies for its interest on straightforward portraiture and especially on candid and careful literary criticism. Certainly the important task to be undertaken in relation to Hawthorne is the reestimation of his place in American letters and the analysis of his significance for our time. This task Mr. Arvin has done, and done uncommonly well.

Primarily, then, the importance of the book lies in the seriousness and the scope of its critical method, but one should not, for that reason, suggest that it is deficient as biography. On the contrary, the author has contrived to combine portraiture and criticism in such a way that each enhances the other. He has blended his narrative of Hawthorne's life so subtly with his estimates of Hawthorne's work that we finish the book with more insight into the man than we could derive from a dozen exercises in the new biography, while at the same time we feel ourselves invigorated by the thorough and original discussion of the writer. It is perhaps true that the relations between the man and the writer are more easily perceived in a study of Hawthorne than in an examination of most other authors, but even so Mr. Arvin has revealed them to us more clearly than they have ever been revealed before.

In his analysis of Hawthorne's writings Mr. Arvin displays discipline and discrimination of a high order, and as he proceeds with his study of separate stories his estimate of Hawthorne's position in literature emerges. He explains why Hawthorne belongs with the half dozen American writers of first importance, despite the fact that he falls somewhat short of true greatness. Mr. Arvin assumes that an author is not altogether great unless he is fundamentally representative and unless he possesses the ability to create three-dimensional characters. Of Hawthorne's representativeness Mr. Arvin is fully assured, and in his presentation of the argument he offers a profound and by no means unnecessarily depressing description of American civilization. But Mr. Arvin freely admits and, indeed, takes pains to point out, that Hawthorne could not state his serious and important ideas in terms of flesh-and-blood men and women.

This is sound and dispassionate criticism, but Mr. Arvin is armed for his analysis of Hawthorne with better weapons than general ideas about literature, however astute, can provide. He has that quality so rare among English teachers, a sincere love of literature, and coupled with it is the capacity for discriminating appreciation which only a deep-rooted affection for literary excellence can bring. Only a man who himself believes in the validity of the literary life may hope to understand Hawthorne. It is that kind of understanding that Mr. Arvin has, and from it springs the fineness of his discussion of Hawthorne and his stories.

In "Hawthorne," with its careful style, so satisfyingly adapted to the expression of difficult distinctions and minute gradations of praise and blame, both criticism and biography attain a dignity which they have not always possessed in our literature. Such a book as this helps us to understand America, to clarify our views of literature, and to appreciate the struggles of the creative writer. In short, it does all that criticism can do to prevent the repetition of Hawthorne's tragedy of isolation.

GRANVILLE HICKS

Mid-Victorian Letters

The Later Letters of Lady Augusta Stanley. Edited by the Dean of Windsor and Hector Bolitho. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. \$3.

LADY AUGUSTA BRUCE, sister of Lord Elgin, was for many years the favorite lady-in-waiting and confidante of Queen Victoria. A selection from her letters to her sister, Lady Frances Baillie, written before her marriage to Dr. Stanley, Dean of Westminster, was published in 1927 under the editorship of her nephew, Dean Baillie of Windsor, and Mr. Bolitho. The present collection, prepared by the same editors, consists of matter taken from her correspondence during the years of her married life, with a brief introduction and some explanatory editorial comment.

As a member of the aristocracy, an intimate friend of the royal family and the wife of a noted ecclesiastic, Lady Augusta had a wide circle of friends. She was a vivacious and untiring correspondent, and her letters throw interesting side-lights on many persons of prominence in the social, political, religious, and literary life of mid-Victorian England. In company with the Dean she frequently traveled on the Continent and freely recorded her impressions of foreign notables. She is revealed in these pages as a woman of great social charm, broad interests, and generous human sympathies that were not bounded by the limits of social class. Her devotion to Victoria is apparent throughout, and on occasion she did not hesitate to give wise advice, which was not always followed, as when she tactfully urged the Queen to visit Ireland: "The people are very sensitive and so alive to anything that honors them and their country and raises them and it in their own estimation and in the scale of nations." Upon learning of her death the Queen wrote: "She was such a help in so many ways, so sympathizing, loving and kind, so attached to me and mine, so clever and agreeable, known to so many. She used to write such interesting letters and knew so many interesting people. It was always a treat to me when she came."

ROBERT LIVINGSTON SCHUYLER

Aldington's First Novel

Death of a Hero. By Richard Aldington. Covici-Friede. \$2.50.

THIS first novel by one of the most distinguished among English poets and critics is a continuously interesting portrait of the artist as a young man who, when he is no longer quite so young and has found the first great excitements of life—first love and first artistic recognition—a little tarnished, goes to the war. The first two-thirds of the book chronicle his pre-war life. It is a chaotic, angry, brilliant, naive, beautiful, and childish mass of reflections, experiences, vituperations, loves, and hates. It has too much form and too little. It shouts too much, curses too much, thumbs its nose too much:

Those three musketeers of publicity cheap and silly, of tattered debates on torn topics—Shaw, Chesterton, and Belloc. Shaw, yes, the puritan Beaumarchais—*un coup de chapeau*—but the others! To the Goddess Ennui, sung by Pope, the groans of the Britons! Who will deliver us from the R. C. bores?

It too consciously experiments in styles. On one page is invective after the whole-souled manner of Ezra Pound or Wyndham Lewis; on the next a lyric, sometimes too neat and too mannered, sometimes quite exquisitely realized. The satire

Liberalizing the Minds of American Students with Paine's "AGE of REASON"

THOMAS PAINE was the friend of Washington, of Franklin, and of Jefferson. Yet today he is hardly known to the growing generation of Americans! What an amazing commentary on our educational system! In no other nation on the face of the earth would such a patriot be so neglected.

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Surely if there is any person who should be made known to the students of American schools that person should be Thomas Paine. He was the first exponent of Liberalism in America. His name has always stood as the symbol of Free Men and Free Conscience. Perhaps, in this age of legalized snooper, this very liberalism explains why some backward pedagogues have denied their students the privilege of knowing Thomas Paine and his great works.

It is to correct this grave neglect that this movement has been organized. Through it tens of thousands of American students are learning—for the first time—what they should know about Thomas Paine. For the first time they are discovering not only his true place in American history, but they are also becoming acquainted with his liberalizing, thought-provoking books. The article on this page, reprinted from the New York *World* of October 4, 1929, shows how rapidly this movement has already grown.

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is as broad as that which flung the Yahoos at our insensitive ancestors' heads, and yet it apes the manners of realism. The hero's parents, George Augustus and Isabel, are savagely drawn. Any human being described with unalloyed hatred would seem as grotesquely horrible. They are evidently intended to symbolize Victorian England; that they satirize it with amazing energy and spleen there is no doubt. The first two-thirds of the book are as young and alive as the mind of a man who can keep all his hates undiminished and his contempt free from rust.

All this serves as orchestration for the theme that follows—a turning of the contemporary life of ideas and emotions upon the third and final part. When at last the curtain rises and his hero Winterbourne actually reaches the front, Aldington drops his mannerisms, his scorn and argumentation and unreason, and gives us a magnificent picture of the war, all the more magnificent, perhaps, because of the angry hubbub that precedes it. Perhaps Aldington knew what he was about. The war broke upon a Europe going its accustomed ways much as it breaks into the chaotic pages of this book; its senseless but tremendous logic bursting into the sensible, muddled world of partially apprehended ideas and ideals.

After a lifetime of groping and slow tortuous growth which had at last flowered into a short-lived lyrical enchantment, the war seemed real to Winterbourne, although he frankly hated and despised everything about it but the devotion of its unwilling victims. He seemed an alien when, living in a world of death, he returned to England on leave. Just as the war was ending and with the armistice expected any moment, he stood up in the trenches and was killed. The book would be more effective if we had only its last part, for that takes its place among the half dozen superb stories of the war that will not let men forget. Yet I should be sorry to miss the rest of the book, savage, often wrong-headed, and muddled though it is, for it is furiously alive.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

British Labor

Trade Union Documents. By W. Milne-Bailey. London: Bell. 8/6.

UNLESS one happens to be in the very act of stalking a fact, the enthusiasm with which one greets a handbook is apt to be a moderate enthusiasm. But Mr. Milne-Bailey's "Trade Union Documents" is a good handbook. It has three obvious uses. It collects in a single volume practically all of the important and hitherto fugitive textual sources of post-war trade-union history in England, especially those running from 1925 to the present—from the general strike to the current phase of the Mond-Turner committee.

The book has this advantage as compared with most collections of the kind: besides the significance of its individual parts it has a significance as a whole, and therefore an interest for the reader coming to it without specialized requirements. The forty-page introduction is a terse summary of British trade-union history, a condensed form of what may be found at length in the Webbs' "History of Trade Unionism" and "Industrial Democracy," and G. D. H. Cole's "Short History of the British Working Class Movement." The five hundred-odd pages which follow are divided into four sections, on the Value, Aspirations and Objects, on the Structure and Organization, on the Functions and Methods of Trade Unionism, and on the Place of Trade Unionism in the Community. Each of these sections is preceded by a statement linking the quoted excerpts. The quotations come from all parts of the trade-union field: there are samples of organizers' pamphlets, of trade-union con-

stitutions, of yellow-dog contracts, and sections giving the gist of important judicial decisions, of the theories of such men as Mr. Tawney and Mr. Laski, of the reports of parliamentary commissions, and of statutes relating to trade-union status and activities. As these documents succeed one another it becomes obvious that what is being unrolled is a cross-section of British trade unionism viewed as an institution.

H. D. HILL

War in the Air

Aerial Bombardment and the International Regulation of Warfare. By M. W. Royse. Harold Vinal. \$3.

DR. ROYSE has brought together a vast amount of material in support of the thesis that legal restrictions on the use of weapons of war have never been enacted or applied where they would hamper military effectiveness in destruction. Where a restriction has been adopted, as in land bombardment to a limited extent or in the prohibition of aerial bombing from free balloons, at the First Hague Conference of 1899, it was due to the fact that no useful military purpose was thought of as served by those practices. After 1907, when it was realized that airships and airplanes were effective military weapons, restrictions were no longer agreed on, or at least ratified by governments. And even if new weapons are at first resisted or denounced by the humanitarian, the objection is never long effective. Thus law and morals are helpless before the militarist, who ultimately molds both to his service.

Dr. Royse has had practical experience in flying. He has studied the materials used in conferences on the rules of war, the positions taken by military advisers and by governments both before and after conferences, the rules of war manuals and the comments of military and legal authorities, the state of the art in aircraft at various periods—all designed to show that the views of governments regarding the restriction of air warfare have always been purely utilitarian, depending on the efficiency of the particular government in air warfare.

Post-war developments are examined by Dr. Royse with a critical eye. He sustains his thesis by showing that the conventions subscribed at the Washington Conference of 1922 with respect to submarine and poison gas have not been ratified, though he might have pointed out that the poison gas convention has been ratified by every nation represented at the conference except France, and on that account alone is not in force among the signatories. The author questions the good faith of the professed intention to restrict poison gas by showing the unremitting development of experiments in this form of warfare. The submarine pronouncement of the Washington Conference was perhaps more a moral confirmation of political positions assumed during the war than an expression of firm conviction about the illegality of submarines. That pronouncement also is unratified, although England is doubtless serious in desiring to see submarines abolished; others find no sound reason for abolishing them even as commerce destroyers.

In the convention of 1923 for the control of radio and aircraft in war time, which is also examined at considerable length, the signatories agreed to restrict aerial bombing to military objectives exclusively and to refrain from bombing civilians or non-military private property. Dr. Royse sees technical difficulties in applying such an agreement, but finds his thesis amply sustained by the fact that not a single Power has ratified the convention. But it does not follow, as Dr. Royse suggests in his preface, that the distinction between combatant and non-combatant is practically obsolete. Even if women and children and farmers should be bombed, it would not make them combatants or wipe out those rules of law which through the centuries have made that distinction fundamental, not only



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CHILDHOOD IN EXILE is the autobiography of *Shmarya Levin*, great Zionist leader. "Strange and excellent reading," says the AMERICAN MERCURY. Translated by MAURICE SAMUEL. \$3.50

Harcourt, Brace and Company, 383 Madison Avenue, New York

as to belligerents, but especially as to neutrals. Nevertheless, it probably remains true that with poison gas and the airplane the world now has at its disposal instrumentalities of a character calculated to effect the extermination of human beings on a scale not yet experienced; a fact, however, which is producing no marked change in the methods or objectives of European diplomacy. It can only be hoped that the practice of identifying peace with the preservation of the *status quo* will undergo some modification on the Continent, for otherwise Europe is beset by the danger of again having Dr. Roysse's thesis demonstrated.

EDWIN M. BORCHARD

Time and the Poets

Time's Profile. By Hildegard Flanner. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

Indian Earth. By Witter Bynner. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

Leaves in Windy Weather. By Eunice Tietjens. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

Sonnets from a Lock Box. By Anna Hempstead Branch. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.

A FIRST book of poetry is seldom proof of a poet's power. Youth is always charming and the youthful imagination is delightfully fresh. But not until we have had a second or third book is the authenticity of a poet's work determined. The four volumes listed above are all examples of the mature work of poets with whose names we have long been familiar. Curiously enough each volume is, in its way, a statement of its author's philosophical acceptance of emotional maturity.

Hildegard Flanner, by many years the youngest of these four poets, has been publishing since she was eighteen. "Time's Profile" has the fine maturity of technique and thought which gives her a place among the recognized lyricists of America. With the same grave eyes that fathomed the world of her first book, "Young Girl," Miss Flanner looks upon the images carved out by Time. There is no fearful shutting of the lids against life's disillusion. The religious note which was struck tentatively in the poet's earliest lyrics and which deepened to organ prelude in the third volume, "A Tree in Bloom," has here its fugue. Miss Flanner has found a poetic intensity in the religious search itself, and without denying her poet's heritage of doubt. If in her earlier volumes she skirted the territory of complete awareness, she has now traveled it and has faced her own deepest need. Her deity, once just a little too tranquil, has become a passionate desire consuming all the pallid forms of actual living. Such a deity is commanding subject for poetry.

Miss Flanner's book has a wide range. There are many personal lyrics on "the small specific glory living in my own breast," and these lyrics have the same fragile loveliness as her earlier lyrics. There are poems of the California hill country. There is an interesting sonnet sequence in the Quaker language; Miss Flanner is the only modern poet who has explored the musical subtleties of this form of speech. But the best poetry is in those pieces that tell of spiritual search. "Nearer than body's flesh is God to me" is very true of this poet. Gerard Manley Hopkins can sometimes be heard singing under her rhythms, for he is too unique to be an undefined influence on any poet. Blake, too, has suggested certain lyrics. But Miss Flanner is not an imitator. Her moments of vision, like her technique, are her own.

Miss Flanner seldom makes the mistake of considering a single image as a whole poem. The other three poets we are reviewing are more inclined toward this error. In 1912 poets went around looking for interesting images which would fix a

single emotion. They jotted these down, an image to a page! The better poets of today allow themselves no such easy versifying. For them a poem, to be a poem, must be fully conceived; a poem is a series of images fused by an emotion and not just a single pretty idea or picture.

Witter Bynner has published many volumes. "Indian Earth," his ninth or tenth, is certainly one of his very best. Mr. Bynner has held to a belief that youth alone was worth the living, and he elected therefore to remain vitally and exuberantly young. But stopping Time has its price. His earlier poems of the "Grenstone" collection and "The New World" were convincing in their declaration of a Whitmanlike faith in human love and in the equality of mankind. Later volumes were prone to echo the same boyish moods; it was full summer and the poet continued his spring songs. Now, however, in "Indian Earth," Mr. Bynner has, it seems, accepted his own maturity. He has turned to study a subject-matter more impersonal: the beauty of Chapala, Mexico, its naive peoples, its Mexican singers. His precision of language, fluency in rhythms, delight in all physical experience are here brought to focus on material which he understands and interprets excellently. The Chapala poems are among Mr. Bynner's very best. The last group in the book, on the other hand, a group of Indian dances, while showing an intimate knowledge of Indian symbolism is nevertheless a little disappointing. The rhythms employed seem more like Vachel Lindsay negroid than like Indian:

The priest was waiting but the church was bare,
There were the altar and the candle fare.

Eunice Tietjens has given us many volumes of travel poems and personal lyrics. "Leaves in Windy Weather" seems to me a little dull and the wind not very high, but the sonnets "From the Mountains" are well-turned and emotionally moving.

Anna Hempstead Branch, like Miss Flanner, has always been sincerely concerned with God and with moments of explicit faith. Her chief fault is wordiness. She is too fluent and too easily didactic. Certain sonnets in the "Lock Box" have, however, the compression and individualistic outlook of a true poet.

EDA LOU WALTON

Books in Brief

Daisy, Princess of Pless. By Herself. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$5.

This is one of the most completely disarming autobiographies on record. A boiling, turbulent flood of words, its five hundred pages are anything and everything except dull; one becomes almost as much interested in the myriad accomplishments of this English lady who became (and still is) a German princess as one is interested in the buckles on Pepys's shoes. Her art consists in the fact that she literally has no art except the sublime one of being able to enthrall her readers by her utterly unsophisticated babble about nothing at all.

Aspects of Biography. By André Maurois. Translated by Sydney Castle Roberts. D. Appleton and Company. \$2.

It is easy to say—the fact has already been dwelt upon by several reviewers—that M. Maurois advocates the introduction of a dangerously large volume of the personal note in the art of biography. As it happens, however, he realizes better than most of his critics that biography, like all other forms of writing, of necessity has to be largely autobiographical. Such qualities as aloofness and detachment, for instance, are merely forms of self-expression which, when overdone, become a tiresomely sentimental pose. M. Maurois is right in that the au-

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thor of a biography is in a sense more important than the subject itself; but only when both author and subject are superb can one expect what one finds in such men as Plutarch, Boswell, and Strachey. And M. Maurois, in spite of all his imperturbable urbanity, his penetration into the subtleties of human behavior, and his generally lucid and persuasive style, can hardly be reckoned with such company.

English Political Portraits of the Nineteenth Century. By G. R. Stirling Taylor. With Illustrations. Little, Brown and Company. \$3.

These seven sketches, "concise summaries of the national spirit," are drawn from the Duke of Wellington, Canning, Lord Melbourne, Peel, Disraeli, Gladstone, and Queen Victoria. What the author may lack in the niceties of style—his jokes, for instance, are now pert and now rather ponderous—he more than atones for by a mind of unusually keen discrimination. It is no small accomplishment to have said something new about characters concerning whom so much is known and such enormous masses of words have been written; and this Mr. Stirling Taylor has done, not once but many times. Before one completely accepts Mr. Strachey's magnificent portrayal of Queen Victoria, one would do well to see what this author has to say concerning her; for his shrewd judgments are based upon absolutely authentic documentary evidence.

Attila: the Scourge of God. By Marcel Brion. Translated by Harold Ward. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$3.50.

Although somewhat disfigured by the now all but universal device of fictionary dialogue, this biography is in the main a sober and dignified discussion of the acts and character of Attila. Perhaps its chief fault is that it is neither quite scholarly nor quite gay enough.

Louis XIV in Love and in War. By Sisley Huddleston. Harper and Brothers. \$4.

If one accepts Mr. Huddleston's premise that Louis XIV can be wholly explained by the assumption that his character was the inevitable product of certain complexes which have been curiously overlooked by previous biographers, one will thoroughly enjoy this book. Otherwise, one will probably say that a more than capable writer has wasted his time in defending a highly dubious thesis.

Birds and Beasts of the Greek Anthology. By Norman Douglas. Jonathon Cape and Harrison Smith. \$3.

Mr. Douglas's book is exactly what the title indicates—a disquisition upon those non-human creatures whose existence was noted and recorded by the various authors of the Anthology. The compiler has no theories and no purpose other than to indulge his fondness for the poems and his curiosity concerning the rather cursory interest exhibited by the Greeks in natural history. It is a dilettante's book—the kind of thing which one would be more likely to expect from an English recitator than from the pen of the author of "South Wind"—but it is a delightful example of what happens when a foible is treated with the seriousness of a passion.

The Trophies, with Other Sonnets. By José-Maria de Heredia. Translated by John Myers O'Hara and John Hervey. John Day. \$3.50.

Heredia's one book, "The Trophies," comprising sonnets gathered for publication after he was fifty, at once established a reputation which the years have little altered. Early allied with Leconte de Lisle and heading the Parnassians, Heredia found for classical themes and moods, for medieval desires and

visions, for modern scenes and moments a fluidity of phrase—each poem smooth from a single block of marble—that makes him perhaps the French master of the sonnet form. The present translation, "offered as an act of homage," presents the work in a rendering which, allowing for the difference in the languages, preserves much of its chiseled beauty and should make Heredia better known in this country. The typography is of a reserved beauty according well with the spirit in which the volume was prepared.

The Spirit of Catholicism. By Karl Adam. Translated by Justin McCann. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

A clear and dispassionate exposition of the theory of the Catholic church. It will neither convince the skeptical nor satisfy those who are accustomed to the historical treatment of religion; but it will prove valuable to anyone interested in understanding the position of a learned, reasonable, but completely orthodox Catholic theologian.

Procopius. Vol. V. Translated by H. B. Dewing. *Plutarch's Moralia. Vol. II.* Translated by Frank Cole Babbitt. *Athenaeus: The Deipnosophists. Vol. II.* Translated by Charles Burton Gulick. *Epictetus. Vol. II.* Translated by W. A. Oldfather. *Oppian; Colluthus; Tryphiodorus.* Translated by A. W. Mair. *Lucan: The Civil War.* Translated by J. D. Duff. *Cicero: The Verrine Orations. Vol. I.* Translated by L. H. G. Greenwood. *Cicero: Letters to His Friends. Vol. II.* Translated by W. Glynn Williams. Loeb Classical Library. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50 each.

Of these eight new volumes in the Loeb Classical Library the fifth is by far the most interesting, not because of its contents—they are poor enough—but because of its editor. A. W. Mair is a distinguished scholar of Scotland who in his introduction to Oppian, Colluthus, and Tryphiodorus makes a very human gesture. It had not been the desire of his life, he admits, to spend years upon editions of late minor Greek poets; but as such turned out to be his fate, here now is the work of an old man, to be taken for whatever it is worth. It is worthy work indeed. Oppian's treatises on animals and fishes are served up with the most painstaking and affectionate care; the enormous labor of identifying and describing the poet's fauna in English terms is exhaustively done; and throughout the volume, in notes and obiter dicta, we get the flavor of an estimable scholar and a decidedly living man.

The Book Shelf

Medals of Honor, by James Hopper (The John Day Company; \$3), contains sketches of a number of soldiers who won the army Congressional medal of honor for services in the World War.

The history of various forms of government from the city-state to modern democracy is summarily traced by Sir Charles Petrie in *The Story of Government* (Little, Brown and Company; \$3.50).

The Bureau of Prohibition: Its History, Activities, and Organization, by Laurence F. Schmeckebier (Washington: The Brookings Institution), forms No. 57 of the Service Monographs of the United States Government issued by the Institute for Government Research.

The physical characteristics and history of the Pocono region of northeastern Pennsylvania have been interestingly described by Carroll B. Tyson in *The Poconos* (Philadelphia: Innes and Sons). There are twenty-four illustrations and a map.

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A Source Book of American Political Theory, edited with introductory notes by Professor Benjamin F. Wright of Harvard University (Macmillan; \$3.75), is a collection of extracts from contemporary sources chosen mainly from works not readily accessible elsewhere for classroom use. The chronological range extends from Cotton Mather to President Hoover.

Heine's Views on German Traits of Character, by Professor John Ambrose Hess of Ohio University (G. E. Stechert and Company), is a critical study of Heine's appreciations of the German language and literature, German uncouthness, slowness, patience, thoroughness, idealism, etc.

Essays by Divers Hands, edited by Laurence Binyon and forming Volume VIII, new series, of the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature of the United Kingdom (Oxford University Press; \$2.50), contains six essays, among them "Jane Austen: A Depreciation," by Professor H. W. Garrod, and "Celtic National Poetry," by Alfred Perceval Graves.

Three Comedies by William Shakespeare (Harcourt, Brace and Company; \$3) is a handsomely printed large-type edition of "The Merchant of Venice," "The Tempest," and "As You Like It" with decorations and full-page illustrations by James Daugherty.

An edition in one volume of the *Collected Poems* of Edwin Arlington Robinson, containing all the poems thus far published in book form, has been brought out by The Macmillan Company (\$5).

The Kellys and the O'Kelly's, by Anthony Trollope, has been added to the World's Classics series (Oxford University Press; 80 cents).

Films

Talkies and Dummies

NOT having seen Mr. George Arliss in "Disraeli" when it was produced as a stage play, I am deprived of the necessary basis of comparison in judging his performance in the screen version of the same play (Warner's). Mr. Arliss is, of course, a very polished actor and, moreover, one of considerable resource—a rare quality among the modern actors. The talkie in question conveys all this quite unmistakably. Thanks to the spoken dialogue—and one feels that without it the picture would not be nearly so effective—Mr. Arliss's subtleties of characterization are brought home to the spectator with all the poignancy of effect that one may wish for; in fact, more successfully than could be done from the stage. But this new invention of the talking picture is a



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curious medium. It has given the screen a degree of realism which in its silent form it never had. It is not that spoken dialogue as such is necessarily realistic. A purely cinematic and at the same time non-realistic use of human speech is not only feasible but inevitable with the advance of the screen art. Where, however, as in "Disraeli," the characters are portrayed as we would see them in normal life, the element of speech becomes a powerful factor in creating the illusion of reality.

And here a curious phenomenon arises. Instinctively we become aware of something checking the complete illusion of life. The characters, natural as they are, appear to lack the essential warmth, material solidity, and individual isolation of real people. Clearly, the thing that is missing here is the sensation of natural colors and stereoscopic space. Until the moving picture solves this problem—and some recent experiments have brought this moment almost within its reach—realistic plays on the screen will always and unavoidably fall short of their counterparts on the stage. As far as the present version of "Disraeli" is concerned, it may be pronounced a fairly good entertainment provided one likes Mr. Louis Parker's Sardouesque stagecraft.

"Young Nowheres" (Central) is one of the more successful talkies. It is well recorded and well photographed, and is distinguished by the very able acting of Mr. Richard Barthelmess. But its story, though a relief after the garish pictures of stage life, is too sugar-coated for our jaded palates. Surely even elevator boys, not to speak of girl typists, are not so "green" and helpless as this picture would ask us to believe.

Since the advent of the talkies the silent pictures have withdrawn to the "little cinema theaters." Unfortunately today there are very few silent pictures worth showing. "The Soul of France," shown in the Film Guild cinema, is a thoroughly banal and sentimental glorification of patriotic frenzy during the World War. The Russian picture "Scandal," also at the Film Guild, although more human and not infrequently and sometimes unintentionally amusing, is conventional in its technique and is spoiled by loquacious titling. Perhaps the worst picture seen in a long time is "Rasputin" (Cameo). It would be difficult to find its equal for cinematic incompetence, amateurish acting, and stupidity of narrative. Even pictures heralded here as great achievements of cinematic art turn out to be, in the majority of cases, extremely disappointing. A case in point is Alberto Cavalcanti's "Sea Fever" (Fifty-fifth Street Playhouse). In its attempt to create a mood by mere views of scenery, long pauses, and slow acting it succeeds only in making one thoroughly bored. One feels that the director was searching for some elusive, poetic quality but that he utterly failed to capture it—in striking contrast to Mansfield's sea poem which is quoted throughout the picture.

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commands respect without awaking enthusiasm. Mr. Kelly has passion, sincerity, and an almost terrifying gift for exhibiting vulgarity of soul. No one could question the vividness of certain of his characterizations. And yet something is indubitably awry. Something which he wishes to communicate is not communicated, and the difficulty seems to arise less out of any ordinary maladroitness of technique than out of the fact that the audience refuses to judge his personages exactly as he judges them and hence misses the emotional effect intended.

The new play, like his last previous effort, "Behold, the Bridegroom," is concerned with integrity of character. In the earlier piece the essential vulgarity of a loose-living woman was contrasted with the dignity of the man who loved her; and in "Maggie" the ugly disorder in the soul of an uncultivated mother is contrasted with the character of a daughter whose sheer determination lifts her out of the mess in which she was reared. But Mr. Kelly seems incapable of making his heroes and heroines as likable as they ought to be. There is in them something stiff and prim and priggish which chills the beholder, as though the author hated what is cheap and common with such a cold fury that he had become incapable of exercising a critical judgment upon anything which escapes the one vice he cannot forgive. The bridegroom in the former play was not intended to be repellently self-righteous, but he was, and Maggie is actually a good deal less than magnificent. She is neat, orderly, assured, competent, and correct, but only Mr. Kelly could admire her with warmth. We are expected to feel in her an austere nobility, but what we actually feel is only a kind of spinsterish frigidity; and we cannot rejoice as we should in her triumph because we cannot sympathize very warmly with her essentially negative aspirations.

It was commonly remarked that Craig's unpleasant wife was punished with such relentless thoroughness that the sympathy of the audience tended to change sides; and it was remarked also that the same thing happened when the frivolous heroine of "Behold the Bridegroom" was condemned to die of a broken heart. Apparently Mr. Kelly has pondered these criticisms, and attempted to prevent a similar disaster by making the heroine of the new play forgive her antagonist; but the difficulty is not to be solved so easily. It lies in the very nature of his moral judgments, which make it impossible to follow him all the way in his likes and dislikes. One feels the impulse to argue with him, and when one feels that, one has lost the capacity to get from his catastrophes and resolutions the emotional effect that is intended.

Hate seems to be the real source of his inspiration, and one is almost inclined to suspect that behind the harshness of his attitude lies some personal experience which would have to be known before one could entirely understand the vehemence of certain emphases which destroy the proportions of the work for the ordinary spectator. He likes certain persons and despises certain others with an abandon which seems not quite reasonable. He has idiosyncratic standards of judgment and he distributes rewards and punishments according to some personal canon of poetic justice which leaves the spectator less satisfied than vaguely resentful. I suspect that the unsuccessful plays are in certain ways more sincere than the successful ones, but the key is lacking. Mr. Kelly is not in tune with his audience and he does not succeed in making it in tune with him.

"Week End" (Golden Theater) is a comedy drama which deals with the amorous difficulties encountered by hard-drinking expatriates. It just misses success because it does not quite succeed in divesting itself of that slightly portentous air likely to surround the fashionably wicked when they are presented on the stage.

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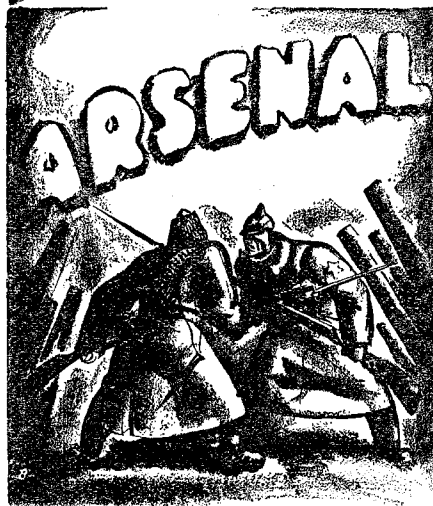
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Britain's Conscientious Objectors

By HUBERT W. PEET

THE British Military Service Acts of 1916 may be considered to be finally dead and buried by the announcement that the Government has decided to remove the disabilities imposed on civil servants who during the war were conscientious objectors.

These disabilities have varied. In a few cases civil servants, availing themselves as they had every right legally to do of the exemption clause of the Conscription Acts, were allowed to continue in their positions at special rates of payment, as their form of "alternative service." Others who worked on the land, in ambulance, or civilian relief work during the war were put at certain disadvantages on their return to the service, either in the matter of pay or promotion. The objectors who were known as absolutists because they refused any kind of compromise with conscription and claimed the absolute exemption allowed (but in practice never granted), with the result that they were sent to prison, were refused any sort of reinstatement in the Civil Service on regaining their liberty about the middle of 1919.

Among the 1,400 absolutists, all of whom did between two and three years' hard labor in English prisons, there were a number of civil servants. They were not taken back by Whitehall, but today I know several who are in secure and useful positions in the trade-union and international peace movements, in business, and in journalism. They could now go back to the Civil Service, but I doubt if any wish to.

The prejudice against these C. O.'s, of whom as far as can be ascertained there were just over 16,000, has almost entirely died down today. The penultimate remnant (next to the Civil-Service ban) was the disfranchisement of the absolutists for five years after the official end of the war. Long before this expired two of these men, Mr. J. H. Hudson and Mr. Walter Ayles, had been elected by Huddersfield and Bristol North, respectively, to sit in Parliament, though they themselves were not allowed to vote in an election. Mr. Morgan Jones, now Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education, the first C. O. to be elected to Parliament, had retained his personal vote because he did alternative service. All three have been joined in this new Parliament by other C. O.'s such as A. Fenner Brockway, Wilfred Wellock, Rennie Smith, and several others.

"Conchies"—the name still sticks—both those who went to prison and those who did some alternative to military service, are to be found today holding leading positions in many other spheres. They include Mr. A. Barratt Brown, principal of Ruskin College, Oxford; Principal G. A. Sutherland of Dalton Hall, Manchester University; Mr. Scott Duckers, the well-known solicitor; Mr. Wilfred E. Littleboy, clerk (i.e. secretary-chairman) of the Meeting for Sufferings, the Quaker Executive Committee; Mr. E. Roy Calvert, author of "Capital Punishment in the Nineteenth Century" and prison reformer; and a large number of educators, successful business men, artists, and writers.

I have heard it persistently stated since the war that British Quakers as such were exempted from military service,

and that certainly none was sent to prison. This was not the case, although I have every reason to believe they could have been exempted had their young men not refused to accept privileges which were not available to other honest men who might not happen to bear the name of Quaker. The Quakers therefore took their chance before the tribunals with the other men making their legal claim. About 5,000, somewhat less than one-third of the total number, accepted alternative service of various kinds. About 3,300 joined the Non-Combatant Corps, 1,200 worked in the Friends' Ambulance Unit, and about 100 joined the Royal Army Medical Corps. Of the 6,261 "resisters" who were refused exemption by the tribunals all were subsequently reexamined by the Home Office after they had been sent to prison, and all except 1,400 were eventually freed from jail to do some sort of alternative work. These included a mere handful—under fifty, I think—considered by the authorities to be "insincere."

The absolutists included Quakers such as Stephen Hobhouse, son of the Rt. Hon. Henry Hobhouse and nephew of Lord Courtney, and Mr. Maurice Rowntree, son of the former Member of Parliament for Scarborough, and also men of such high character and capabilities as that admirable leader, Mr. Clifford Allen, chairman of the No-Conscription Fellowship, who but for illness, it is safe to say, would by this time have attained to high position in the Labor Government. These men continued as hard-labor prisoners till six or seven months after the end of the war, if bad health had not already led to release. Nine hundred of them served sentences of two years and more. Ten died in prison.

In addition, it is not generally remembered that a party of C. O.'s was sent over to France in the early summer of 1916, despite Mr. Asquith's pledge that none should go out of the country, and thirty of them were sentenced to death. The late Dr. F. B. Meyer and I were allowed to visit these men in prison at Boulogne. It is generally believed that it was the prompt action of Professor Gilbert Murray, in bringing to the notice of Mr. Asquith the fact that the military authorities had ignored his instructions and taken them into the war zone, which saved their lives, and led to a sentence of ten years' penal servitude instead. Quakers were among them, too, and they remained convicts till late in the summer of 1919.

Although Great Britain treated its conscientious objectors less drastically than any other country—and it is now known there were C. O.'s among all the belligerent nations—the administration of the Conscription Acts in Great Britain with regard to the exemption for those having a religious or moral objection to war was not a matter to be proud of. It is a war chapter which now appears to be finally closed. Those who took what was admittedly an unpopular and generally misunderstood stand, however, felt then and still feel that it was their definite contribution toward a warless world, which can, after all, be brought about only when men refuse to fight because they believe it wrong. If the excuse is made that "the other fellow" began progress is eternally delayed.

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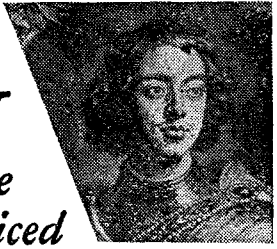
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